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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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WHAT WILL THE NIGHTINGALES DO?

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THE GOLDEN RULE A MAN WHO BELIEVED IN IT

What Happened to a Little
Business in Cincinnati

A GREAT EXAMPLE

A man whose name was known throughout the United States, though few people have heard it outside America, has just ended a life of great usefulness. He was Arthur Nash, who has died after being ill for two days.

Mr. Nash started life as a preacher, and went into business because he thought he could do more good. He thought he could found a great business on the Golden Rule. He did so, and it became one of the most remarkable business concerns in the States.

It is a tailoring business, and it began in a small, wholesale way in Cincinnati. Mr. Nash soon found himself uncomfortable in it. He found that the manufacturing part of the business, put out by contract, was run on sweated labour at the lowest possible expense, and that in spite of low wages it was not paying. What was to be done?

To Satisfy His Conscience

First he bought up the contractor's machinery so that he could control the business throughout.

But things went from bad to worse, and it seemed that the only thing to do was to close down. He faced the fact with quiet courage, and resolved that for the next few months, until the end came, he would conduct the business differently. How would it be possible to conduct it differently so as to satisfy his own conscience?

Quiet reflection told him that only one plan would work so as to satisfy him, and that plan was to apply the Golden Rule: *Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.* He determined that that should be his rule in the business or else he would give it up; so he went into his shop to apply the Golden Rule.

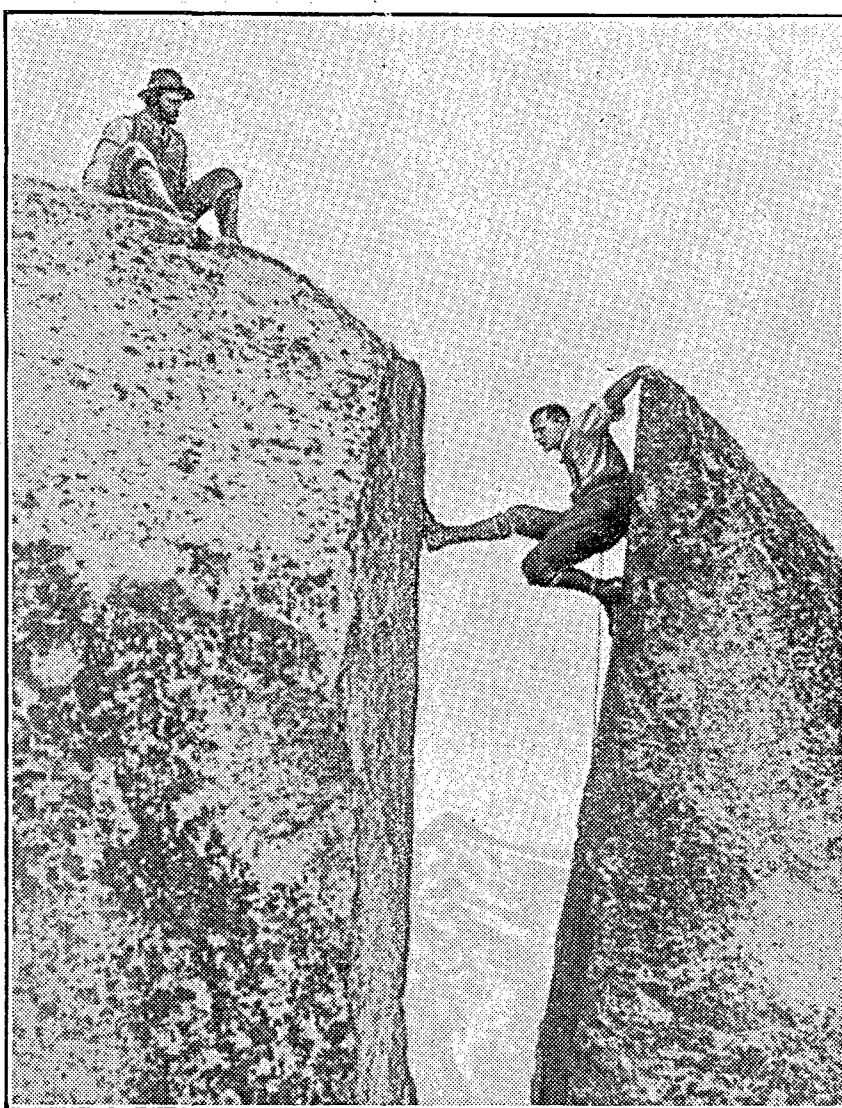
A Substantial Balance

The first worker he saw was an aged woman, old enough to be his mother, sewing on buttons at four dollars a week; and he asked himself what wages he would like his mother to have for doing that work. He felt he would not be comfortable if she had less than twelve dollars a week; and that he gave her.

He made the whole round of his workshop, spoke with his twenty-nine workers, and increased all their wages from half as much again to three times as much as they had been receiving. Then he went away for two months, for he was run down and worried. At the end of his holiday he returned to wind up the business.

But he found that, though only one more person had been employed, three times as much business had been done, and there was a substantial

The Mountain Conqueror



In this picture a climber is seen in a perilous situation near the summit of one of the peaks of the Rocky Mountains

balance in the bank. What ought he to do now? Clearly the business was not ended. He thought the right thing was to call his people together and tell them there was a balance to divide. And they, entering into his spirit, thought it had better be divided equally among them all. That distribution, he has said, left behind a common feeling of Christian brotherhood.

Things went from good to better. Business grew, profit balances grew, and output grew, though a forty-hour working week was kept unaltered; and sometimes wages were increased, and sometimes better material was put into the suits so that the customers, also, might share the prosperity. In 1918 the turnover of the business had been about £25,000. In 1919 it had reached £100,000. In 1920 it was £300,000; in 1921 it was £400,000; and in 1922 the business was nearly doubled again. There had been few businesses anywhere that had risen to such sudden success.

And now the twenty-nine workers in the business have grown to two thousand, and it is the biggest tailoring business in the United States. It has no wage disputes, no labour problems, no diffi-

culties with trade unions, no envy of capital, no need for rules against slacking or unpunctuality; for the spirit of helpful brotherhood has cast out the wish to benefit at the expense of others.

And the secret of it all is that the business is based on practical Christianity. It had sought righteousness first, and success has been added to it. All this has happened because one man really believed in the Golden Rule.

A LADY'S THREE GOOD THINGS

There is a lady in Norfolk who has many things to be congratulated upon. First there is her age: 105. Next there is her literary taste: she loves the glorious Elizabethan English of the Bible. Third is her memory: she knows all the Psalms by heart.

It is Mrs. Tylden, Lady of the Manor of Ingoldisthorpe, who is so fortunate. Every day a nurse reads alternate verses to her, and she makes the responses.

Very few books wear so well that you can still love them after nearly a century of familiarity. But the poetry of the Bible stands even that test, as Mrs. Tylden knows.

50 MEN AND A WHALE

A FISHING STORY FROM
KARACHI

Fighting a Monster for Four
Days and Four Nights

BABA ISLAND'S BIG DAY

All the angler's stories of fish that he has caught have been surpassed by the story of the whale which was beached near Karachi.

It was so large that it had to be captured by an unlimited company. A boatload of fishermen struggled with it for four days and nights, and the proper ending to a story of that kind would have been that this was the largest fish in the sea but it had managed to escape.

On the contrary, the whale was brought to land, and there it lay at last on Baba Island for all to see, 30 feet long, 14 feet round, and weighing 20,000 pounds. What a contrast to the six-ounce chub which, as recently reported in the C.N., rewarded the efforts of all the Thames-side angling clubs near Kingston!

The Whale in Possession

The whale story began when a boatload of Indian fishermen of the province of Sind saw the corks of their net violently agitated, and, on trying to draw it in, found that the whale was in possession. The fish, realising that the net boded no good, strove to get out. It became more and more entangled, and in exasperation tried to upset the fishing-boat.

Fishermen and whale were all eager to part company with one another. The whale towed the boat ten miles, with intervals for sulking; but after four days and four nights of struggle between the apparently irresistible fish and the apparently unmovable fishermen the obstinacy of the fishermen triumphed. They sent for reinforcements. The whale, still kicking, was towed in by fifty men in boats.

A Last Gesture of Defiance

Even then it was not all over. Forty more fishermen were needed to beach the tough old fighter, and it took twenty-four hours to do it. When, at last, all Karachi stood round it in a ring the whale, in a last gesture of defiance, disgorged a number of biscuit tins, a quantity of coconut matting, and a ten-pound fish which it had captured.

By this time, the climate of Karachi being what it is, the fishermen and other inhabitants may have had reason to regret that they brought nine tons of whale to shore close to the harbour; but even the fisherman in the old tale who said that when he hauled his catch from the water the level sank three feet will be unable to bring anything fishy to rival the true story of the whale at Karachi.

CHICAGO'S BIG VOICE

BILL THOMPSON'S WAY
The Ridiculous Thing That is
Happening in the Great Pork City
THE MAN WHO FRIGHTENS
ENGLAND

Probably four-fifths of the world's incredible happenings take place in the United States of America.

Nothing is too exciting for some parts of that easily excited land. Nowhere else could there be a Big Bill Thompson; but if by a miracle there should be one then nowhere else would he be listened to for five minutes by any sane audience. Yet in Chicago, a city made up of people who have emigrated from every country in Europe, this noisy man has been chosen three times to be the mayor of the city.

His election must have been as good as a pantomime for those who did not see its pitiful side. Thompson brought with him to his meeting a cage of white rats, which he named after his rivals as he destroyed them one by one.

The Mayor's Hobby-Horse

All the thoughtful newspapers in the country either laugh at him or show sheer disgust. Religious bodies have denounced him in scathing terms. Yet Chicago re-elects him as its mayor. His favourite subject is the iniquity of Great Britain; his pretended fear is that Britain should have any influence in America. His hobby-horse is the idea that King George is about to seize Chicago. How does it all come about?

More than a century and a half ago most of the inhabited parts of what is now the American Republic were British colonies, and under the government of our honest but stupid George the Third were unwisely and unjustly treated, in some respects, by the Mother Country. They rebelled against her and broke away from her. Large numbers of British people at home then thought the American colonists were, on the whole, in the right, but they had not the power, as they have now, of controlling their Government. The quarrel was not entirely one-sided. In some respects the American colonists were themselves behaving badly.

Fiction of British Enmity

One effect of the war was that it became a fashion in the American States to regard Britain, in a settled way, as an enemy. It was an unjust view. She never has been an enemy. British opinion never agreed with George the Third, and during these 150 years Britain has always been friendly toward the Republic. But the kind of people who want to have an enemy to whet their patriotic feelings on have kept up the fiction of British enmity. This fiction has been written into American school-books and taught in American schools for nearly a century and a half.

But throughout the present generation the American Republic has had a better education. Her historical students compete in knowledge and fairness with the historians in all other countries, and they have begun to write fairly the level-headed truth about the disputes a century and a half ago between Britain and her American colonies.

How to Teach History

This historical truth has begun to pass into the American school-books. The superintendents of education have seen the need of teaching history truthfully, and not according to the frantic misrepresentations of angry men. Historical education is being given in Chicago today in this manner in the American school-books written by Americans.

This is what has aroused the wrath of Big Bill Thompson, the loud-voiced Mayor of Chicago, and he has sworn that he will have the superintendent

THE LORD MAYOR AND HIS FRIENDS

A Generous Year at the Mansion House

DUSTMEN AT THE BANQUET

We often hear of the fine banquets given by the Lord Mayor of London in honour of the great people of the land or of foreign kings and statesmen. But few of us quite realise how wide the Guildhall hospitality is.

In addition to all the Guildhall banquets the Lord Mayor who has just retired, Sir Rowland Blades, entertained at his own table at the Mansion House every Member of Parliament and every member of the Common Council.

And even the Guildhall banquets themselves are by no means confined to the high and mighty. There was one banquet for all the clerks and other black-coated workers, as they are called, and another to which the whole City Police were invited. Then, finally, there was a supper for 850 of the Corporation's humbler employees.

These included dustmen, street-sweepers, market-cleaners, sewer-men, barge-trimmers, and charwomen. Instructions were given that the same attention should be given to the guests as on all other occasions, and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress shook hands with each one.

One change only was made, and that, surely, was to the good. Toasts were replaced by songs in which the guests joined, and which they chose themselves.

ONE WHO WAS GREATLY LOVED

The Funeral of a Showman

The Dean of Windsor has had the sad experience of conducting two funerals on two successive days, in both cases of old friends.

All the world knew of the funeral of Lord Cambridge, son of a British princess and brother of Britain's Queen, but not all the world knew of William King, though he was a friend of the Dean and great numbers of people lined the route of his funeral procession when he was laid to rest.

He, King, was a showman and a horse dealer, and lived on the edge of Holmewood Common, in Surrey, when he was not on the road. He was buried near Dorking, in sight of the Surrey Hills, and on his last journey scores of motor-cars and charabancs followed his coffin, and hosts of the great brotherhood which follows the open road followed him also, afoot.

His own people loved him, and what they loved in him the Dean loved too, and their love is his epitaph.

Continued from the previous column

of education in Chicago dismissed; that he will burn all the school-books that have fairly stated the dispute between England and her colonies, and indeed all the books that England gave to Chicago when the public library in that city was burned down.

It is very likely that this violent and stupid mayor (more stupid than George the Third) will succeed in dismissing Mr. McAndrew, the honest superintendent of education in Chicago, for Chicago is a curious place, filled with a medley of uneducated people who love excitement; but what people in this country should remember is that Chicago is not America. It is the biggest city in the world with no reputation worth having. It does not represent America. The general opinion of the American people is in agreement with the opinion of Great Britain: that the truth of history should be taught, and that friendship between the two great English-speaking Commonwealths is one of the world's most cherished ideals.

DAUGHTER OF THE SLAVE RACE

PATHOS OF A QUEER LITTLE FIGURE

How Florence Mills Was Cut Off in the Midst of Her Success
FRIEND OF HER OWN FOLK

Florence Mills has died suddenly in New York at twenty-six. Thousands of people all over the world are saying, "Oh, yes, that little coloured revue actress with the lovely voice. How sad!"

Hear what the stage carpenter said when he heard the news and sought out the manager to ask if it were true. The manager replied sadly that it was true, saying, "She was a great artiste and a great little woman." "She was a great little lady, sir," said the stage carpenter.

He was quite right. Those who knew her feel that a courageous and proud soul has passed suddenly away, as if a lamp has gone out and left the room dark.

A Beautiful Life

Florence Mills was the descendant of freed slaves, and had brought herself up anyhow, educated herself. She went on the stage at six. She was a queer little figure, almost grotesque, but she had a wonderful, dazzling smile that used to light up her face miraculously.

She was a mistress of gesture, and with one look could do what other actresses have to labour hard to achieve. Her voice was pure and singularly true.

Her private life was beautiful and good. Off the stage she was an artist of another kind—fired and urged on by a great desire to set her people free. She wanted to set them free from shame and debasement of soul and raise them to a level with other races. Someone once described her as a feminine Booker Washington with a genius for the stage. It was a good description. We remember that noble Negro as we think of her, the man who was born a slave, educated himself as Florence Mills did, and became the leader of his people.

Her Lofty Spirit

Many people have ideals, and keep them as long as they do not cost anything. When Florence became the star of a London stage she could easily have become the petted darling of a smart society. As it was, her coffee-coloured skin gave a new name to the silk trade, and the Florence-Mills colour in stockings and frocks was very popular. But the girl would not be lionised. She knew the people who petted her would be secretly patronising her, and would shrink from others of her race if they met them in a shop or in the street. And so, when someone asked Florence which of the smart London hotels she liked best, she said: "I do not know them. My people do not go there."

How many ideals would have stood the test of worldly success as Florence's did? To the end of her spirit, she would not go where a Negro would not be accepted. She lived in lodgings in Gower Street, where other coloured people lived, and went about with her Negro husband, Mr. U. S. Thompson.

Doing Good by Stealth

She did all she could to bring a little light into the lives of the sorry and the sad. Her car used to slide along the Embankment on bad midnights when comfortable folk were abed, and stop at benches laden with miserable men and women. Her husband would slip out with money and gifts, and the huddled benchers must have thought an angel from heaven had visited them.

She would have had a great future, for her stage-art was sure. And now, still a girl, unconquered, resolute, she is dead. Her body could not survive the ordeal of the knife, and her brave spirit has fled to the land of the free, to the heavenly Jerusalem, the stones of whose earthly house she tried so hard to build.

A LEAP IN THE ALPS

The Brave Guide of Chamonix

DRAMA OF A PRECIPICE

The Guides of Chamonix are famous for their courage, but the deed of Alphonse Couttet surpasses all the rest, and will be talked about for generations.

Not long ago a party of visitors to Chamonix wished to ascend one of the famous peaks, and they hired Couttet. Although he has only been a Guide for ten years he has already a great reputation. A man who earns his bread by guiding climbers in the Alps must be weatherwise as a sailor, brave as a hero, and prudent as a statesman, for the lives of other men are in his hands, and the ice-capped mountains show no mercy on the man who makes a blunder.

All went well till one of the visitors, M. Weiss of the Paris Municipal Council, lost his footing. To slip is fatal on the mountains, and in a moment he was rolling down a snow-covered slope to the edge of a precipice.

A Great Jump

Quick as lightning Couttet saw the only thing to do. He took a great jump over the falling man in an attempt to stop him. But he was knocked down himself, and the other climbers were horrified to see the two bodies tumbling together toward the edge.

Even then Couttet did not lose his head, and within a few yards of the precipice he managed to dig in his feet, stop himself, and save M. Weiss.

The President of the French Republic has just presented Couttet with a silver medal for gallantry, and his story is to be inscribed in the golden book of the French Alpine Club. Moreover, so long as there are Guides in Chamonix they will talk of Couttet's wonderful leap down the perilous slope, and will be proud to think they belong to the same calling as he did.

THINGS SAID

Alcohol is the worst enemy of the Maori. *Rore J. Josephs, Native Chief*

Music is Christianity's first aid in South Wales. *Mr. G. A. Atkinson*

I suggest a League of Chivalry for motor-cyclists. *Sir Harold Bowden*

I was never more hopeful of industrial peace than now. *Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P.*

Englishmen have the worst teeth in the world. *Doctor Harry Campbell*

I would not be a mere man for anything. *Mrs. Kendal*

Where will the big ships hide during the next war? *Lord Rothermere*

Statesmen in office when a war is declared should be impeached for treason. *Watchman in the British Weekly*

The more people eat fruit the less there will be for me to do.

The Minister of Health

The backbone of the League of Nations is the British Empire.

Mr. Churchill

That country is happiest which has no millionaires and no paupers.

Sir Herbert Samuel

The hearing of the superb rhythm of the Prayer Book Sunday after Sunday leaves its mark for life. *Mr. Baldwin*

In about twenty years Germany will have ninety million and France thirty million people.

Lieutenant-General Massingberd

The first nation that trusts itself to the organised judgment of the world will render immortal service to mankind.

Mr. Lloyd George

When we stop sending boys to prison we shall have gone a long way toward stopping the making of criminals.

A student of crime

November 19, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

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THE BRAVE THING THE PRINCE DID

Among the Lepers of Basutoland

NEW HOPE FOR A STRICKEN RACE

The Prince of Wales did a brave thing while he was in Africa.

He said he would visit the great leper institution in Basutoland. Everyone knows that leprosy is a terrible and tragic thing, and most people would have shrunk from the sight, but the Prince steeled himself for the visit because he knew it would bring a little joy into the hearts of the lepers.

Afterwards he said that he was haunted by the ruined faces of the boys and girls, and would never be able to forget them.

Terrible Story From Tanganyika

Once there was little hope for the leper. Everyone shunned him for fear of catching his disease. If a European doctor heard of a case of leprosy he tried to get the man sent to a leper camp in order to prevent contagion, but the lepers dreaded leaving their homes for these sad places, so they used to hide their disease as long as possible. In Tanganyika the Germans shut up some 3500 lepers in 40 camps, and it is said that hardly anything was done to ensure food supplies or medical attention for the poor sufferers.

But now there is new hope for the leper. Mr. Frank Oldrieve, Secretary of the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association, has just made a tour of Africa to spread the joyous news.

From the Cape to Cairo he went, visiting native chiefs in their huts, and speaking in schools to children who would carry the message into bush villages.

Marvellous Success in East Africa

This is what he told the people of Africa, among whom there are 60,000 lepers in British territory alone.

There is every hope that leprosy can be cured if sufferers will come for the new treatment when the disease is in its early stages. Already this treatment has had marvellous success in East Africa.

He also told the lepers that the plan of herding all lepers into camps is out of date, and that 1000 cases have recently been discharged, although they were lepers who had spent many years in institutions.

As a result of this message many lepers have come out of hiding and asked for treatment. At last there is hope that this fearful and widespread disease may in course of time be stamped out of British Africa.

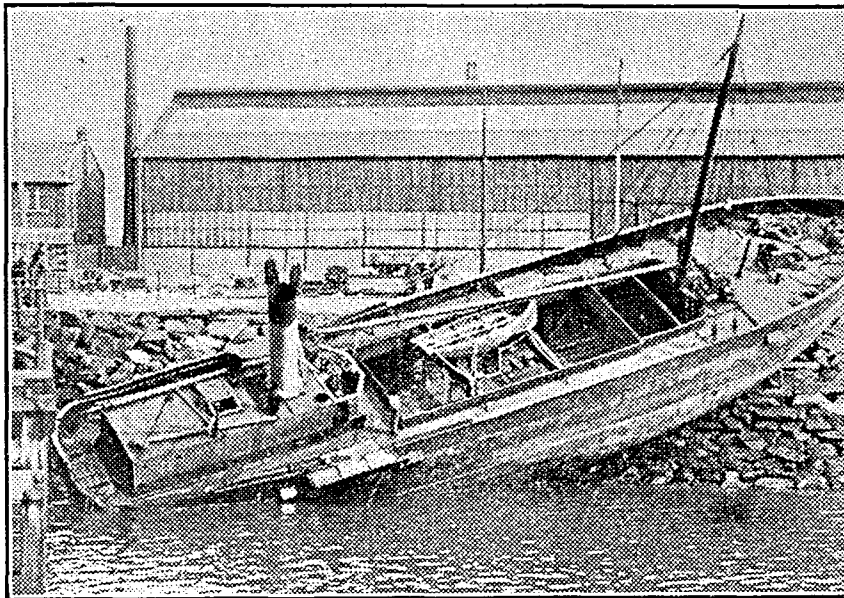
A DOZEN MEN IN SEARCH OF A WONDER

Seven years ago a young Hungarian electrical engineer, Denés von Mihaly, succeeded in making a wireless instrument by which one could see the face or head and shoulders of a person quite distinctly at a distance.

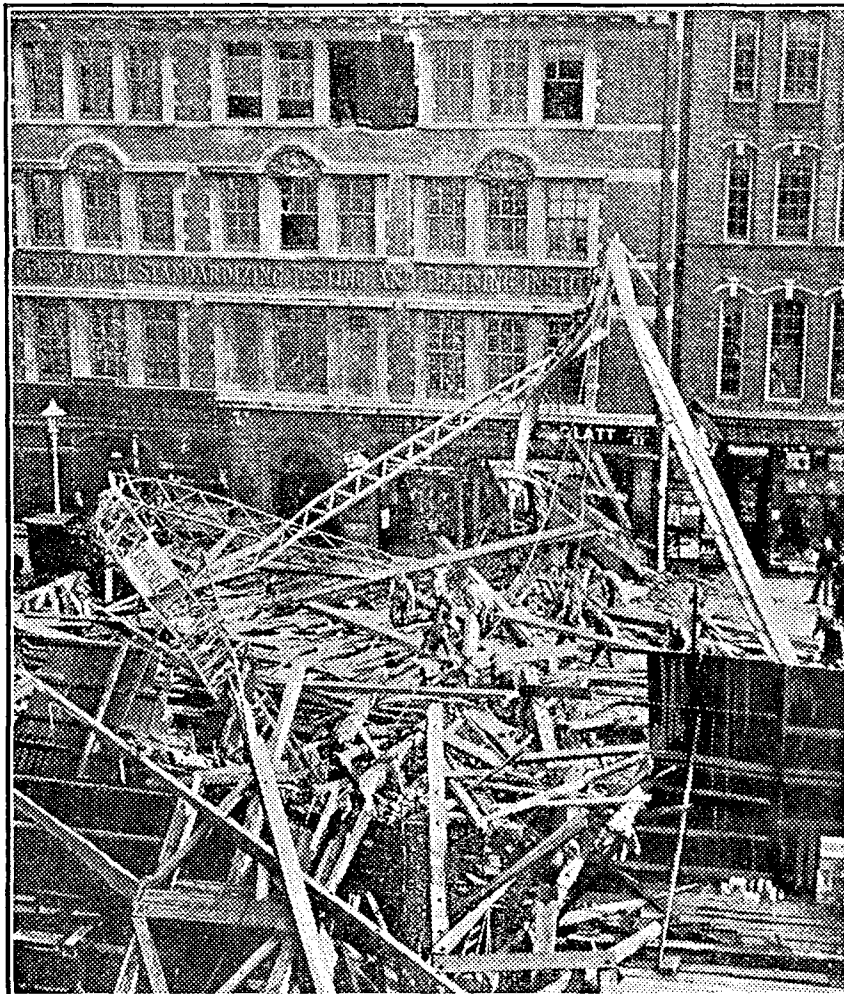
He has since been working steadily away at his invention, and is shortly to come to London to show it at work. He hopes that it will be possible to make a simple piece of apparatus with which any wireless amateur will be able to see quite complicated things. The wireless image is thrown upon a ground-glass screen seven inches by six in size, and is built up by two moving mirrors, which throw tiny flashes of light upon it with tremendous speed.

There are now at least a dozen people at work on the problem of television, all within sight of some sort of solution.

THE TRACK OF THE TEMPEST



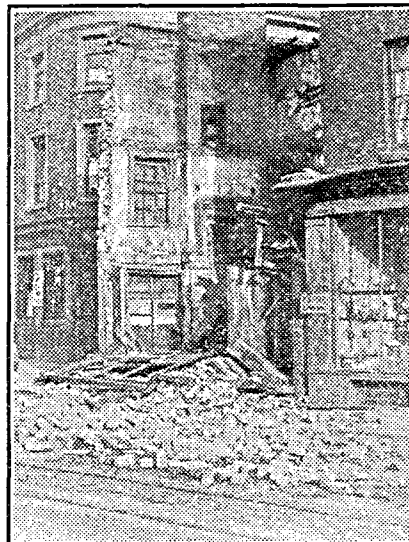
A steamer stranded at Swansea



The wreckage of a giant crane in a London street



Logs floating in the street at Fleetwood, Lancashire, where the sea wall broke



A house at Manchester blown down into the street by the force of the gale

These pictures show some of the widespread damage done by the gale which recently swept the whole of the British Isles. At some places the wind reached a speed of eighty miles an hour, and many houses, trees, and telegraph poles were blown down. In London a great crane and its high wooden platform fell into Southampton Row. See page 7

PERO TAFUR AND HIS ADVENTURES

A NOBLEMAN OF JOAN OF ARC'S DAY

Supping With Robbers and Setting Free the Slaves

A KNIGHT OF CHIVALRY

Joan of Arc had only been dead seven years when a young Spaniard named Pero Tafur set out to see the world.

He was a hidalgo, and was received by sultan, emperor, pope, or grand duke wherever he went. Returning to Spain in 1439, he wrote the story of his adventures, and this fascinating record has now been completely translated into English by Malcolm Letts. Hitherto no full translation has been made in any language, yet Pero's narrative must delight every lover of the past.

Of course he had many adventures. Once, as he was journeying to Vienna, he and his squires were attacked by robbers, and only the fleetness of their horses saved them. That night, as the travellers sat down to supper, they were astonished to see the robbers enter the inn.

The Disgrace of Work

Pero rose and accused the leader, asking him how he could be so wicked. The robber replied in a frank and friendly fashion that he and his comrades were noblemen and very poor, so that they were obliged to rob in order to live. Evidently in those days noblemen thought work was more disgraceful than stealing.

Pero told the lordly robber that he also was a nobleman, and he also was poor, so that his need was as great as theirs, whereupon the robber said he was sorry he had tried to steal from Pero, and offered to go out and steal from someone else in order to pay for Pero's supper. But the Spanish hidalgo would not allow this, and invited the robbers to be his guests instead. So they sat down together very merrily, and afterwards the robbers acted as his guides to the sights of Vienna.

A Dardanelles Adventure

Pero had many other narrow escapes. He was nearly killed by the Turks as a spy, and he was shipwrecked off Chios, being rescued after he had been clinging to a piece of wreckage for some time and was half-dead with cold and exhaustion. Another exciting adventure befell him in the Dardanelles.

As his ship was sailing through the Straits Pero saw a little group of people on the shore making signs to those on board. He asked the captain why these people were waving and beckoning, and the captain said they were Christians who had been enslaved by the Turks and hoped to be rescued; but he added that he should take no notice.

A Narrow Escape

Pero begged him to have pity on them, and at last the captain agreed to stop the ship and lend a boat for the rescue. In spite of being a nobleman Pero was very willing to row it, and four other volunteers went ashore with him. Some Turks saw the boat put in, and ran up to defend their property; and Pero would probably have been killed or enslaved himself if the captain of the ship had not sent a boatload of twenty men to the rescue. The Turks were beaten off, and the Christians came aboard, full of thankfulness to Pero, who had been wounded in the foot by an arrow.

We know little about Pero after that, except that he settled down, married, and took a leading part in the affairs of his native town, Cordova. But his narrative makes us feel that he was a brave man and merciful, a veritable knight of chivalry.

100,000 WORDS AND WHAT THEY MEAN

A New Sort of Dictionary BIG NEW BOOK FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

We wish to call the attention of our readers to a Children's Dictionary just beginning to appear in fortnightly parts under the editorship of Mr. Harold Wheeler. It can now be seen on all the bookstalls, and will abundantly repay whoever buys it.

It will be complete in about forty fortnightly parts, each part costing one and threepence. In all 100,000 words will be defined and explained, and the illustrations will number 7000. We advise our readers to see this new kind of dictionary, for it claims to be unlike any other.

Words and Pictures

Its aim is to tell the meaning of each word, and enough about it and words akin to it to make it interesting. Sometimes this can be done by telling a short story showing how the word should be used.

Part One, which is before us, begins with a page letter from the Editor of the Dictionary on the joint use of words and pictures in explaining things. A coloured frontispiece shows people from many lands bringing to England things with names that have become part of our language, and have enriched it.

Before the alphabetical dictionary words begin there are articles of an introductory kind. The Editor explains how a dictionary should be used to find what we want to know in it. Then an account is given of the earliest English dictionaries and the queer information they gave, with a sketch of other dictionaries issued up to the present day.

English and Other Languages

Another article tells how we got our alphabet, with something about other alphabets; and there is a rapid history of the way the English language has changed and has grown by reinforcement from other languages. Grammar is begun in a final article with nouns: their kinds, and how number, gender, and case are expressed.

After these introductory chapters, which no doubt will be followed by similar chapters in later parts, the dictionary proper is reached. The general plan is to give a word, its pronunciation, its part of speech, its meaning or meanings, and its equivalent in French. Then follows some general information illustrating the meaning, with a picture if the word needs it. For instance, with the word *abbey* is a picture of the ruins of Fountains Abbey near Ripon; with mention of abbeys that have become cathedrals and others that have become dwelling-houses; and a description of the features and the life of an ancient abbey. Finally a Latin derivation may be given, and words that mean the same, or nearly the same, as the word which is being discussed, with words that have an opposite meaning: synonyms and antonyms, as we call them.

Pictures on Every Page

In some instances a whole page of illustrations is used. Admiral, for example, is accompanied by portraits of sixteen admirals, and the sleeve marks are shown which distinguish a Rear-Admiral, a Vice-Admiral, an Admiral, and an Admiral of the Fleet. The illustrative pictures, large and small, number more than one to each page of the dictionary.

It will be seen that the method of explaining the meaning of words and

SPORT AND HEALTH CRICKET AS A MASTER PHYSICIAN

The Old, Old Error of Too Much of a Good Thing

ANCIENT GREECE AND MODERN ENGLAND

It is interesting to learn from Dr. Bradford Hill, of the National Institute for Medical Research, that first-class cricketers are exceptionally long-lived men, and that amateur players enjoy a slight advantage over professionals.

A man should have a first-class constitution for cricket, and in that case the pursuit of the game will ensure his experiencing first-class health. But even cricket can be played to excess. The too-long county programmes have driven many a man out of the game. Tyldesley, the England and Lancashire batsman, failed in his legs; Attewell wore a sort of harness to enable him to perform his great bowling feats; and we cannot forget the deaths of such men as Lohmann, Briggs, Richardson, Harry Trott, and other of the giants, dead in their prime of too much cricket.

Evil of Over-Training

Fortunately they are the exceptions. If, however, Dr. Hill extended his investigations to professional football the results would be more disturbing. The men are over-trained, kept at breaking-point for nine months in the year, suffer countless hurts, and in sadly many cases die worn-out, constitutional wrecks in early middle age. When they came to stand the test of war numbers of them were found to be so over-strained as to be useless.

There is always the danger of permitting our own enthusiasm or that of our friends to carry us beyond the dictates of reason and discretion in sport. The be-all and end-all of life are more serious than games. Play is for pleasure and health, not for a livelihood. Money-hunting promoters are always ready and eager to lure young proficient into professionalism.

A Brutal Business

Nowhere is this detestable practice more persistently followed than in boxing, a healthy enough sport among friends but an abomination as a trade. What are the mortality statistics in this brutal business? Its disciples might fear to have it known, and fear to let it appear how many professional pugilists are blinded for life, hideously disfigured, and doomed to early death by the miscalled sport whose only reward is money, not honour.

Athletic exercises, entirely admirable and a sovereign aid to health when rationally pursued, have always had their pitfalls. Even the ancient Greeks, unequalled masters of sports tending to bodily perfection, complained that "the athletic tribe" had become one of the worst evils of the national life.

"Slaves of their stomachs (thundered Euripides), they know neither how to make money nor to bear poverty. In early manhood they seem fine fellows and strut about, the darlings of the town; but when old age comes, like worn-out cloaks they are flung aside."

Continued from the previous column

suggesting their right use has been carefully thought out in a way that will interest children. The dictionary is not, as so many dictionaries must be, a mere collection of words. Life is given to them by the story illustrations as well as by pictures, and the romance with which many of the words are surrounded is suggested, while a great deal of varied information is attractively introduced here and there.

The work is well worth attention from all whose business is with teaching children their mother tongue, whether in the school or the family. It makes good its claim to be an absolutely new style of dictionary.

DISAPPEARANCE FROM THE MAP

Goodbye to Waldeck

THE PASSING OF A GERMAN STATE

Once upon a time there was a little fellow named Waldeck, and a great big giant called Prussia came along and said "Fee fi fo fum, I'll eat you all up!" And he swallowed Waldeck in one great gulp.

That is a fairy-story way of telling a true thing. The old German State of Waldeck is to be absorbed by Prussia.

Waldeck has an area of 407 square miles and a population of about 60,000, besides a Diet of seventeen Deputies.

For eight hundred years and more Waldeck was ruled by one dynasty. In 1349 the family enjoyed the title of counts of Waldeck, but in 1712 they were created princes. Almost exactly two hundred years later the dynasty passed away, as the Hohenzollern dynasty did. On November 13, 1918, when Germany became a Republic, the

Who Brought the News From Bethlehem?

THE rarest news that ever reached this little land was the news that came from Bethlehem.

Had Christ come in our own time, had the news been flashed from Bethlehem that a Prince of Peace had been born into this war-stricken world, there would have been a paragraph in most of our papers, but few would have believed it. Most people would have smiled and turned to the news of the last man lost in the clouds, or the sowing of the seed of the next Great War.

News spread slowly round the little world all those centuries ago, yet men were coming and going, and the wonderful story of Bethlehem was bound to be told by traders and sailors and travellers.

What enthralled us is the fascinating possibility that the news was sent home from Rome by a British lady who is mentioned in the Bible. It is a story that captivates the mind, a story that perhaps can never be proved yet seems likely to be true.

From the Christmas Number of the C.N. Monthly, My Magazine, now ready everywhere.

princes of Waldeck became ordinary citizens and their principedom a State.

Now the people of Waldeck are told that it will be better for them if they are absorbed into some bigger province. Administration will be simpler as well as more economical.

For these reasons Bismarck bound many a petty German State into one, like sticks tied up in a bundle, so that Waldeck is by no means alone in its loss of independence.

But each of these petty principedoms had Court musicians and poets, and sometimes they were very brilliant centres of art and learning. Something precious was lost when these little Courts were extinguished.

The new Germany, made by Bismarck and the Hohenzollerns, was much stronger, and could afford a bigger army and navy, but it produced less art. As we know, the end of the new system was war and ruin and revolution.

A SHIP AND A STAGE

C. B. FRY AND HIS MERCURY

The Little Theatre That Opened Its Doors for a Week

ALL ABOUT IT

At last the world of grown-ups is beginning to discover something C.N. readers knew about a year ago. It is the Mercury Theatre.

Most people know of the Mercury training ship for boys at Hamble, near Southampton, commanded by one known to fame as C. B. Fry the cricketer. Such are the traditions of the ship that the sons of field labourers and colonels have sought admission and the famous steamship lines are glad to take Mercury boys as officers.

But the rest of the world did not know that there was a very beautiful and unusual theatre connected with the Mercury, and that it has played its part for forty years in making the fine seamen whom everyone so admires.

What the Theatre Has Done

A soul that knows nothing about poetry, music, and the loveliness of colour is not a full-grown soul. The theatre has given all these things to the Mercury boys, and that is why they turn out all-round men. Now, for the first time, the theatre has been thrown open to the paying public for a week, and Londoners, in their astonishment, have called it the Theatre That Nobody Knows. As an article in the C.N. last winter told of a performance there the title is not a true one.

This year the same beautiful play has been given again. It is written by Mr. Stephen Fry, the Commander's son, and it tells the story of a boy who is tempted, and fails, but saves himself at last. The music is Wagner's, and there is a chorus of a hundred voices.

It was a generous programme, for Commander Fry recited poems by De la Mare and John Drinkwater, and there was also music by an unseen pianist. As he played the audience sat in darkness, but wonderful colour effects were thrown on the curtain, suggesting stormy clouds, or ocean depths, or woods, or human moods, that seemed to reflect the music as in a mirror.

Contemptible Plays

It was all so different from the usual theatrical performance that many of the critics were reminded of what Herr Rudolf Kircher said of English theatres.

Herr Kircher is the London correspondent of a famous German newspaper, and he recently told his countrymen that the scorn in which the English theatre is held on the Continent is deserved by the commercial theatres of the West End of London owing to the contemptible plays they produce. But he told them that small amateur theatres were springing up in England which were inspired by a very different spirit.

The Mercury Theatre Week has confirmed his words. There must be another week like this before another year has gone by.

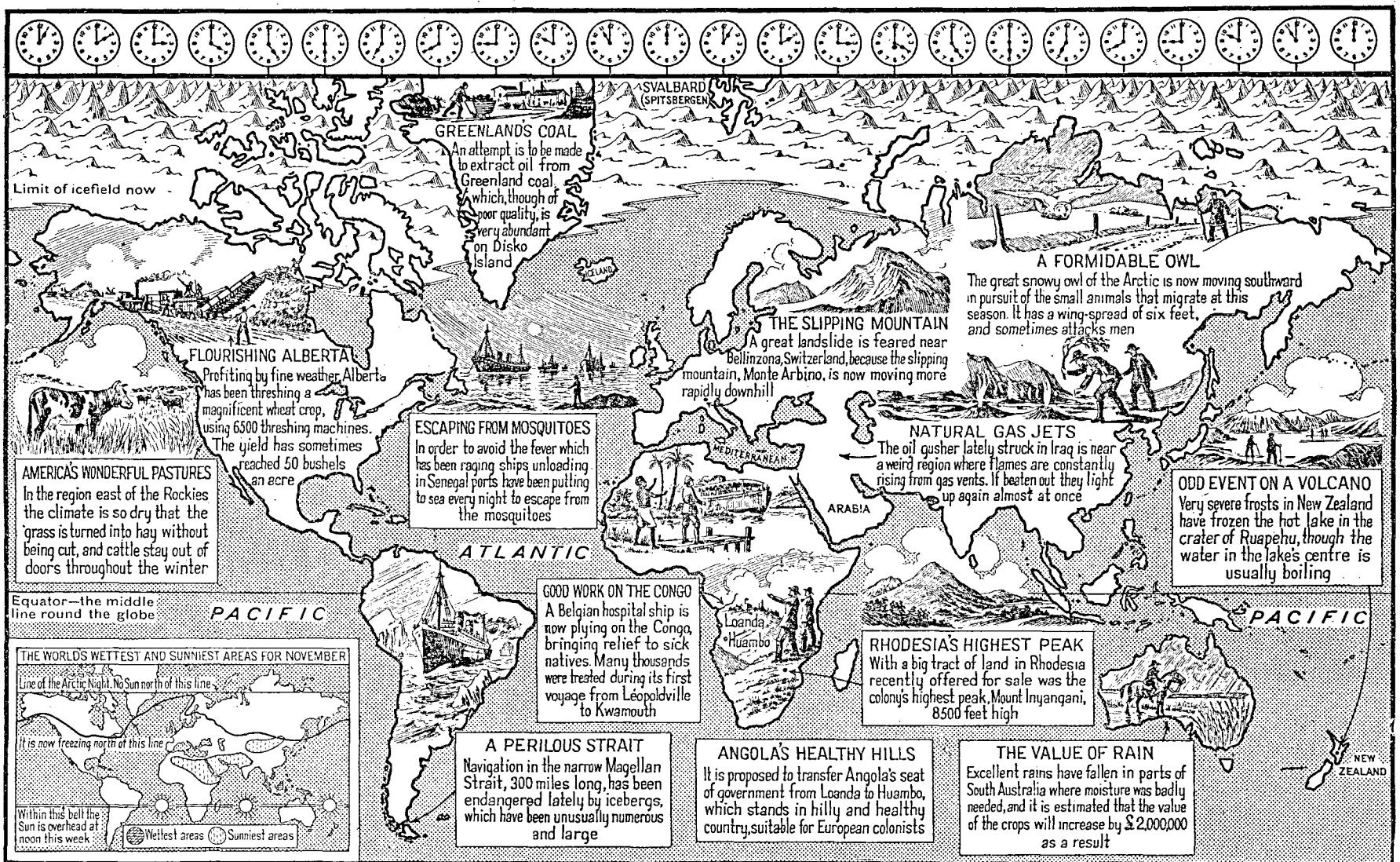
TOO MUCH ABOUT WAR More Trophies Scrapped

The Lancashire colliery town of Ince, thinking it has heard too much about war, has made a clean sweep of its war trophies.

There were two large cannon from the Crimean War and a howitzer and two field-guns from the Great War, all adorning the entrance of Walmsley Park.

Now the District Council has sold them to a metal merchant to be broken up in order that a new entrance to the park, of a more pleasing character than these reminders of war, may be made.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



HEROES OF MOELFRE

An Old Man's Life for Strangers

Stories of tragic adventures have been left behind like wreckage after the recent gales.

The ketch Excel from Poole was on her way to an Irish port with a cargo of coal when the gale fell upon her and she was disabled.

At Moelfre, a coast village in Anglesey, the call for help was heard, and the lifeboat was launched.

That lifeboat was out in the gale for 18 hours. It was a gale which flung down hoardings and walls and took a heavy toll of life on land, and at sea it was still more terrible. But the lifeboatmen stuck to their task.

One of the men, William Roberts, aged 65, died in the boat from exposure. Another stood at the tiller bareheaded from three in the afternoon till nine in the morning. Still they would not surrender, and at last these gallant Welshmen succeeded in rescuing the men of the Excel.

One of them afterwards died in the lifeboat, so there were two dead men in her when she came to shore.

She was only a poor cripple by then, and the Beaumaris motor-lifeboat had to help her in. The Moelfre boat had a brand new sail when she set out, but the gale had torn it like paper, and she was towed into port.

It is a glorious story of endurance and gallantry, and Anglesey will long remember William Roberts, who at 65 went out into the gale and laid down his life for strangers.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Hours of sun . . . 70	Aberdeen . . . 3'34 ins.
Total rainfall 1'22 ins.	Dublin . . . 2'75 ins.
Dry days . . . 19	Falmouth . . . 2'48 ins.
Wet days . . . 12	Liverpool . . . 2'32 ins.
Warmest day . . . 30th	Gorleston . . . 2'12 ins.
Coldest day . . . 5th	Southampton 1'65 ins.

DRAMATIC ADVENTURE
OF FIFTEEN MEN
Remarkable Escape

Presence of mind, the instinct of doing the right thing in a sudden crisis, is perhaps the most precious of all natural gifts.

An astonishing example of it was seen in a tunnel on the Southern Railway between Crowborough and Buxted the other day. A gang of eighteen plate-layers were working in the tunnel when they were trapped in the narrow space between the up and down lines by trains travelling both ways. As they stepped aside to avoid a goods train, the smoke from the engine hid from their sight the train travelling on the other metals.

In that terrible moment fifteen of the eighteen men threw themselves on the ground between the two sets of rails while the train thundered by, and all escaped from hurt.

KEEP THAT SKIPPER'S
COMPLEXION

There is a new child champion and a new world's record. At a skipping contest in Wombwell a 13-year-old girl named Kitty McHale made 3028 skips without stopping.

The previous record was Grace White's, who skipped 1722 times.

Kitty's father, Mr. Peter McHale, of George Street, Low Valley, Darfield, in South Yorkshire, is issuing a challenge to any girl under fifteen to skip against his daughter. But surely Kitty's record is unbeatable.

Skipping is a very old English game, and a very good one too. It is a mistake to think of it as just a girlish amusement, for it is one of the exercises practised by athletes, such as boxers and footballers. There is nothing like a skipping-rope for keeping you fit on a sea voyage or getting you warm on a cold day, and no chemist ever sold anything half so good for the complexion.

THE KING AND HIS PRIZES
Those He Likes Best

Who would not approve of the King's view of prize-winning?

It is shown by the instructions he has recently issued to his poultry keeper, Mr. J. H. Gilbert, who has charge of 1000 birds at Frogmore.

The King said he wanted his birds to win prizes, but only if they were birds bred on his own farm. Anyone, he said, could buy the best birds and win prizes with them, but that was not the sporting way.

He would rather win a third-class award for a bird or an animal bred on his own farm than take a first with one which had been bred elsewhere and bought at a big price.

SIXTEEN TIMES A HERO
A Good Habit

Mr. Lewis Miller is a man of habit. We are sure he likes to have the same dish for his Sunday dinner every week, to take the same walk after it, to read the newspaper he read when he was a boy. Another of his habits is saving life.

Up till now he has rescued 16 people from drowning. The other day, when a ship was being unloaded at the Bristol docks, a fellow-workman fell overboard, and Mr. Miller saved him as a matter of course. To his surprise the King has now awarded him the Edward Medal for gallantry.

If ever a man were a slave to habit Mr. Miller is. Only his habit is gallantry instead of beer or tobacco, and no one wants to cure him of it.

GIVE A GREAT THING TIME

Don't waste any breath in jeering at National Health Insurance. Let the scheme have time to develop. Not in the lifetime of any person living will it attain its final good. It is the greatest insurance scheme in the world.

Sir George Newman

THE METHODIST HEN
And Her Three Big Eggs

A Wesleyan local preacher in Lancashire sends us an account of curious coincidences occurring in the egg-laying of a hen.

In the autumn of last year he was planned to preach in a country chapel, and was a guest for the day at the house of friends. In the family was a little girl of six, and he himself has a daughter of eight. That morning one of the hens had laid a double-yolked egg of quite unusual size, and the child suggested that he should take it home for his daughter, about whom he had been talking. He did so.

Again, in January, he was planned to preach in the same place, and was a guest at the same house. On his arrival he was greeted with the news that the same hen had that morning laid another egg of equal size, though between his visits her eggs had all been normal. Again his daughter had a present.

His next visit was in the middle of September, and the hen presented the family with a third double-yolked egg! He is planned for a fourth visit as we go to press, and we shall be curious to know what the hen does in the matter.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A painting by Poussin . . .	£2400
A painting by Lorraine . . .	£1500
Eight Chippendale chairs . . .	£1400
Panel of Queen Anne needlework . . .	£275
An Anatolian carpet . . .	£220
A Charles II wall mirror . . .	£210
An etching by Sir D. Y. Cameron . . .	£195
A Charles II silver tankard . . .	£183
An etching by Muirhead Bone . . .	£175
Elizabethan mounted ostrich egg . . .	£100
An 1848 Mauritius 2d. stamp . . .	£90
Alice in Wonderland, 2nd edition . . .	£71

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 19 1927

Coo-ee

A THOUSAND times we have coo-
eed on a Kent hilltop; the
other day on this hilltop we
heard a coo-ee from across the
Earth. It is a wondrous thing.

Wireless is flinging invisible
chains around us all. The other
day over seventy people talked
to one another in a general con-
versation between two conti-
nents. It is hard to think of a
man as very far away when he
can be spoken to as easily as if
he were in the next room and
can answer back.

To that wireless is leading the
world, and those who have done
most to bring it to this pass
are confident that the time ap-
proaches when we shall speak to
our kinsmen in the distant
corners of the Earth and hear
their voices with our own ears.
The barriers which Time and
Space set up are annihilated by
Nature's own instruments.

It is like the fairy story of
the prince who sought the Sleeping
Beauty in her castle. All the way
was guarded by impenetrable
thickets, but as the prince ap-
proached and resolutely thrust
into them, determined not to be
thwarted of his purpose, the
thorns and briars melted away,
and presently he stood at the gate
of a castle glittering in the sun.

In Nature there are no gateless
barriers. Hidden in every lock
is the key to open it; within
every barrier is the means to
climb it. In trying to open the
locks or to pass the barriers man
learns the greatest secret of all,
that Nature, like himself, is
obedient to law.

The law which governs the
fall of the apple is the same as
that which spins the Earth about
the Sun. The giant forces which
make the Earth a magnet and
set its Poles a world apart from
one another are the same which
drive the electric motor or operate
the crystal set.

It is for man to understand
them. Ages before he came the
ceaseless spin of our great globe
had divided the continents by
oceans greater than themselves,
and had brought into being the
vast air currents which circulate
between the Equator and the
Poles. Thus were set the barriers.
But man, though his knowledge
is still so incomplete, has con-
quered ocean distances and is
learning to ride the winds.

His last triumph has won him
a mighty hold upon that force
of Electricity which science now
believes to be the foundation of
all power. He can harness it to
bring to his ears the unheard
voices of the world and to his
eyes the unseen things.

Nature set Australia 11,000
miles from our hilltop; man has
brought it within sound, and is
bringing it within sight. Coo-ee!



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

On a Post Office Wall

AN English traveller writes to tell
us that on arriving in Hong Kong
she went to the principal post office
to send a letter home.

On the walls she saw engraved these
words from the Book of Proverbs:

*As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is
good news from a far country.*

She never forgot the inspiration of
that inscription, met with in so unex-
pected a place.

Dangerous Shops for Children

WE have been asked once more to
call attention to the danger of
celluloid toys. Now that Christmas
is approaching the danger is very
great. One of our correspondents, who
has been in communication with the
Home Office on the subject, writes:

It would be something, while legislation
tarries, if a warning were issued before
Christmas against the danger of fixing
celluloid toys near lighted candles on
Christmas trees. It seems so cruel to
expose children to a danger they naturally
cannot realise.

It is in the cheap stores that this
danger chiefly lies. The day must
soon come when it will be a grave
offence to give any highly-inflammable
thing to a child, but while we wait for
the law to be wise it is the duty of all
who love children to spread the warn-
ing against the thousands of dangerous
toys now crowding these cheap shops.

A Word for Certain Gentlemen
at Dover

ONE of our readers who has had a
little trouble at the Customs sends
us this rather pertinent question:

If a little silk on a doll is to be taxed
what of the alcohol in a chocolate?

The Silence

For the ninth time the Great Silence has
fallen upon us, like a calm from the place
where our heroes are.

Now it is meet should be

A great solemnity

As for the passing of a mighty king -
Within a vast cathedral's shadowing.

Yea, quietude is meet.

Hushed be all passing feet;

Peace like a mantle round the world is
thrown,

Peace that laments not nor makes any
moan.

Red poppies burn like flames

Above remembered names;

Brighter across the desolated years

Are hearts that brim with purifying
tears.

Yea, silence now is meet.

Hushed are those eager feet,

For ever hushed the surging and the
press

Of great hearts crying in war's wilder-
ness.

Nay, bring no pomp. They sleep.

Ours is the way to keep.

Baptised within the Jordan of their
love,

Peace hath on us descended like the
dove.

Flora Sandström

A Handful of England

IT is a year or two since one of our
readers on the other side of the
world asked us for a little bit of
England, and we sent her a handful
of our English earth. So did many
other readers, and we now learn that
some of the earth sent out to Vaucluse,
near Sydney, has been left as it arrived,
lying there as if to say *I am a little
bit of England*, and some of it has been
put in pots, in which violas, begonias,
and azaleas are now blooming.

It is pleasant to think of this touch
of English beauty far away.

Tip-Cat

ONE of our county families has given
up its foxhounds. Too expensive,
they say. Too cruel, we say.

BANKERS, we are told, are seldom
expensively dressed. Pity they
can't wear their money-bags.

WILLIAM has been entertaining a
party of German mythologists at
Doorn. Getting out
a history of the war
perhaps.

EVEN rain is said
to have its
uses. It stimulates
the umbrella trade.

WE read that
there is a
plague of locusts
in Egypt. It seems
old news.

MR. EDISON says
a war of all
Europe against
America is bound
to come. We
assure him it is a pure invention.

THE Chairman of the U.S. Senate Com-
mittee on Foreign Relations has never
been abroad. We quite understand.

A PETROL shortage is predicted for
about 1999. As there will be so
many cars that they will not be able to
move perhaps it does not matter.

WE have three actresses, it seems,
who can fill any theatre. Taxi
drivers must tremble when they see
none of them coming.

Keep Out the Litter Lout

THERE ought to be an unwritten
code that to defile any of these
great roads, either by ugly surround-
ings, by hoggish behaviour along
them, or by upsetting or spilling litter
on them, should be a bar to a man
from entering any decent club or any
decent home circle. The Prime Minister

This Kinder World

IT is an unmitigated gain that we
have replaced horses in the
streets of London by motor-cars. I
believe if you saw the London of
fifteen years ago today you would be
horrified at what was going on in our
streets, especially with regard to the
treatment of horses. Dean of Chester

'Gipsy, M.P.

For the first time gipsies have been standing
as candidates in the election in Yugo-Slavia.
Their political party calls itself the Poor.

WHEN gipsies rule in Parliament
The boys and girls will be
content.

Then cross-legged statesmen we
shall see

Upon the Terrace boiling tea,
Or on the Front Bench making pegs
While someone else is on his legs.
A duchess who desires to meet
The Premier's wife in Downing
Street

Will find her cooking in the road
Before a tent, her lord's abode.
If summoned to the King, of
course,

The P.M. first would catch his
horse,

And next he'd hitch it to a van
Bedecked with many a pot and
pan;

Then through the Palace gates
he'd trot

With baskets, brushes, pan, and
pot.

The gipsy Government would soon
Make laws that prove a perfect
boon:

All hens and hares, as I surmise,
With rabbits they will nationalise.
All magistrates, inspectors, and
Policemen will be strictly banned.
They'll shut the prisons and the
schools,

And just enforce two simple rules:
All citizens from two years old
Must weekly have their fortunes
told,

And daily ride, however stout,
Upon the merry roundabout.

How gay old London town will be
When Petulengro is M.P.

The Lime Tree of the
Market-Place

IN the market-place of the old
Swiss town of Fribourg stands an
ancient lime tree. It is almost hollow,
yet is covered with leafage. Grey
stone pedestals with chains slung
between them protect it from damage.
On a board are the words: *The Lime
Tree of Morat*, and the date 1476.

During the wars of the Middle Ages
a battle was fought at Morat, and a sol-
dier returning home plucked a spray
from a lime tree and fastened it in his
hat. When he reached Fribourg he
planted this spray in the place where
the tree now stands.

The inhabitants of the old town are
proud of their famous tree, and many
people rest on the seats beneath its
shade. It is the first tree to show its
leaves in the spring, they say.

The Battle of Morat is forgotten;
the act of peace, the planting of a
little spray of green by a returning
soldier, lives on, and brings more
happiness to human beings every year
than the battle ever did.

A Prayer for All Who Guide

Almighty God, we pray Thee for all
who guide the thoughts of the people
by their writings; for all artists,
poets, dramatists, musicians, and jour-
nalists; that, inspired by fine ideals,
our common life may be crowned with
beauty and vision.

November 19, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

7

FOUR TRAVELLERS ACROSS THE WORLD WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THEM?

Surrey Nightingales Bound for a Home in New Zealand

THE MIGRATION PROBLEM

Four Surrey nightingales are on a journey even longer than the migratory system provides for our birds.

Birds born here fly to Africa for the winter, but these four are on their way to New Zealand, on the other side of the world, where nightingales have never yet been acclimatised.

They go in the care of Mr. Angus Wilson, a returning New Zealander, and, for the sake of speed, they will not travel all the way by sea, but will cross the American Continent from East to West, special provision for their food and warmth being made as they are taken over the Rocky Mountains. Then they will sail the wide and chill Pacific. They leave us in autumn; they will arrive, next month, in the midst of New Zealand's summer.

Yearning for Home

If they survive and sing what a delight they will afford New Zealanders in the bird sanctuary in Auckland Harbour! But the problem to be faced is an unusual one. Hitherto New Zealand has acclimatised only birds that do not migrate, birds that can adapt themselves to a diet of seed and vegetation when winter cuts off insect supplies. What will the nightingales do?

No bird has a more passionate yearning for its home when nesting time draws near, but these birds are to be set in the midst of a mighty ocean, strange and forlorn. Will they fly out and find their way to Australia, 1200 miles away, or will they make their way to destruction, seeking lost England, beating their wings in space all in vain?

Grisly Tales to Tell

They will find friends of English descent in New Zealand: sparrows, hedge-sparrows, thrushes, blackbirds, green-finches, chaffinches, redpolls, linnets, yellow-hammers, cirl-buntings, skylarks, pheasants, rooks, and lapwings. If birds tell tales in their songs the established emigrants from Home will have grisly tales to tell the nightingales.

These older ones went out at great cost to enthusiastic lovers of the Motherland's bird-life, and have lived to see their human hosts become their enemies. For the birds have altered their habits. The skylark, whose first songs moved men to tears of happiness, is now proscribed as the greatest villain in feathers next to the sparrow.

The Sparrows and the Grain

A home lover gave £100 for 100 pairs of English sparrows, and now the descendants of the hundred each eat 100 grains of corn a day; and New Zealand would pay a fortune to be rid of the whole tribe. The blackbird has degenerated into an orchard pest, the thrush has few apologists, the green-finch is said to be the greatest enemy of ripening grain, the starling eats the honey-bee.

None of these offences, save perhaps the last, is possible to the nightingales, which are purely insect-eaters. Possibly they may not live long enough to become disliked. One nightingale which preceded them in 1880, upset by the topsy-turvy season, moulted unnaturally and died, and New Zealand mourned it as if it had been an outstanding human notability.

We wish the wonderful quartette well, but the experiment is attended by so many risks that their prospects of founding a race in New Zealand seem desperately hazardous.

A STORY WE PASS ON

A Cheshire correspondent sends us the following remarkable story, and asks for an opinion, which we are not prepared to give.

SOME friends of mine had two valuable cats. About a year ago one of them ate something which made it very ill, and they hurried it off to the vet. four miles away. Soon he had it well.

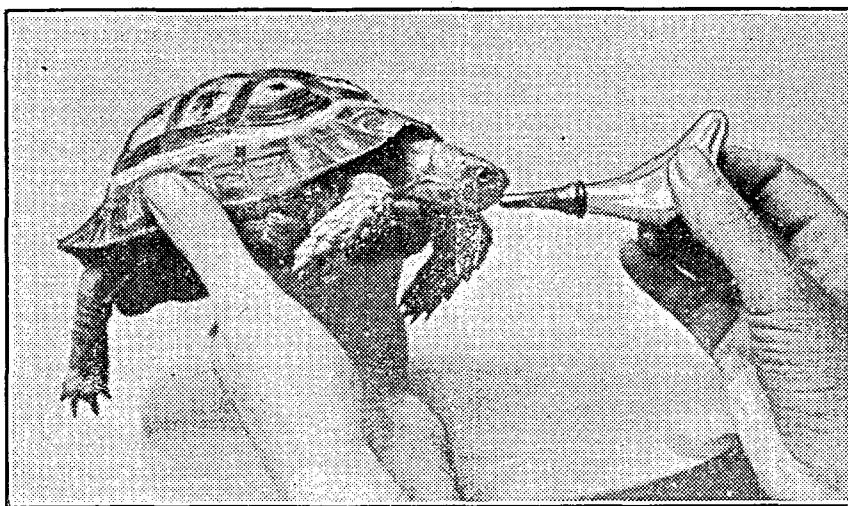
Last week the other cat fell ill, and my friends were thinking of taking it to the vet. when both the cats disappeared. They searched for them all day, but failed to find them. Next day, however, they were surprised by a visit from the vet., who produced the missing cats. It appeared that early on the pre-

vious morning his maid found two cats outside his door, and, failing to drive them away, she called him. He instantly recognised them, took them in, treated the cat that was ill, kept them till the next morning, and then brought them home.

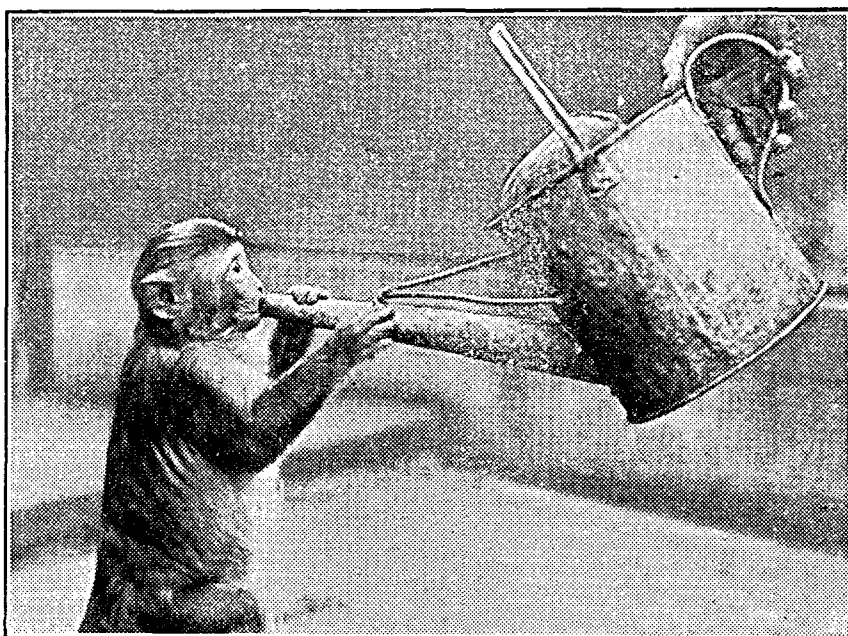
How did the cat which had been cured communicate to the other that it might be cured, and induce it to go with it to the veterinary?

We have more than once heard of dogs returning for treatment to the place where they have been relieved of pain; but this story involves greater mysteries of animal understanding, and we can only pass it on as it reaches us.

FEEDING THE BABIES



A feeding-bottle for the tortoise



The monkey has a big drink

Animals of all kinds are now often brought up by artificial feeding. Although the two babies in these pictures are drinking in much the same way there is a great difference in the size of the vessels. The tortoise has a tiny feeding-bottle, while the monkey is drinking from the spout of a water-can bigger than himself

THE BAREFOOT WAY TO PROSPERITY

AMERICA, which looks down on the knightly orders of old Europe, has a new Order of Merit, to which the most democratic cannot take exception.

It is called a club, but is really an Order of a very exclusive kind, for only people who have been farming for 50 years are eligible for membership. The Half Century Farmer's Club has been started in Lapeer County, Michigan, and the example is likely to spread. Already there are over 200 members, each of them the holder of an engraved certificate recording that he belongs to "an honour association of agriculturists, tillers of the soil, breeders of stock, dairymen, poultrymen, and orchardists who have devoted 50 years to the best calling allotted to man."

The oldest member is aged 95, and emigrated from Germany 80 years ago!

One family is represented by seven members, four brothers and their sons. As the youngest of the sons is only 54 he must have begun farming quite early to be qualified for membership; but indeed they all did, and they have wonderful tales to tell of their barefoot boyhood in the clearings of the pioneer days. One family of brothers, who made a speciality of grubbing up tree stumps, has a record of 35,000 stumps pulled. Another member tells how his mother, after sheep-shearing, spun and wove and cut and sewed the clothes for the whole family. They lived on maize, with beans and pork to eke it out.

They went through incredible hardships, these pioneers, but they seem unanimous in the belief that theirs is not only the best calling allotted to man, but the noblest and the happiest too.

TOWN MADE INTO AN ISLAND

REMARKABLE FLOOD ADVENTURES

The Gale That Came Rushing at 80 Miles an Hour

A BOY AND HIS RAFT

We do not usually associate Lancashire with stories of bursting dykes and homes overwhelmed by the sea; it is Holland that has these tales to tell.

Yet this is what happened to the busy port of Fleetwood, which guards Morecambe Bay, opposite Barrow-in-Furness, in the terrible gale that overwhelmed great parts of northern England a short time ago.

Fleetwood is built at the northern end of a low-lying peninsula, separated from the mainland to the east by the estuary of the Wyre. The neck of this peninsula is as low as sea-level, and possibly lower, and the not very effective defence works along the sea front were being strengthened.

Fleetwood an Island

When an eighty-mile-an-hour gale came up behind the tide, raising it seven feet above its normal height, the defences went down and the sea swept over the neck of the peninsula and stayed there, making Fleetwood an island. Houses collapsed or were unroofed; 700 of them were made uninhabitable and almost as many more were flooded. A caravan colony was overwhelmed, the caravans being piled one upon another and a number of their inmates drowned.

The rest of Fleetwood was cut off by road, rail, and wire for many days, the only way of communication being by the Wyre Ferry. The electricity works were put out of order.

Hundreds of people were rendered homeless, and were housed in schools and other buildings; and a fleet of 60 small boats carried food and clothing to those whose flooded houses would still hold them.

A Boy's Presence of Mind

There were some fine examples of courage and common sense. Among the stories of rescue is one of a boy of fourteen, who showed a wonderful presence of mind while all about him were danger and excitement. He made a raft by roping together several back-doors and fish-boxes that were found floating about. On this raft he took his grandmother to safety, and then returned for his kitten, which he found floating on the top of the piano!

Not many miles away, near Lancaster, the same tide, sweeping up the Lune estuary, destroyed the huts in the grounds of a sanatorium for consumptives. The nurses formed a human chain to rescue a little boy asleep in a floating cot. He was carried upstairs to safety without even waking. The full fury of the storm was felt on the west coast of Ireland, where several fishing fleets were practically wiped out. In one fishing village nearly every breadwinner was lost.

The storm caused the bursting of the 40-foot concrete dam containing Keeplecove Tarn, under Helvellyn, flooding the valley below. Two people found the water coming into their bedroom, and it was up to their necks before they could escape.

Pictures on page 3

WATERING INDIA

Canal System 500 Miles Long

The Viceroy of India has just opened a great canal which is to irrigate over 600,000 acres of land in Bikanir and the Punjab.

The main canal is 8½ miles long, and its feeders and distributing channels make up a total of over 500 miles.

The canal is fed by the Sutlej and has four great weirs.

A LITTLE ANCESTOR OF OURS

LITTLE BOOK THAT SET OUT ON ITS WAY IN 1827

Centenary of the Children's Encyclopedia

WHAT THEY WANTED TO KNOW

A little vellum-covered book on the Editor's table seems, when its leaves are opened, to look up demurely at the row of volumes of the Children's Encyclopedia occupying a shelf of the bookcase. If their pages were opened they might gape with curiosity, for the vellum-covered volume is their great-grandparent.

It is a Children's Encyclopedia printed a century ago. A proud little book it was, too, in its day, published by the King's printer at Lyons, and already running into a new edition.

Title-Page and Preface

All the things that wise children ought to know are compressed within its 300 pages. We wonder if the little girl to whom this copy belonged learned them all. She was Anna Marie Eyre, and from her writing on the fly-leaf we know that she was at a Convent School in France. Perhaps this was a prize earned in May, 1829, for her proficiency in the Arts and the Sciences, the Grammar, the Rhetoric, the Jurisprudence, the Music, the Natural History of Animals, and all the subjects of which the *Encyclopédie des Enfants* tells.

On its title-page it says boldly that it is an abridgment of all the sciences; in its preface it modestly sighs that there is not one of them appearing in its pages which would not want many volumes, or, at any rate, several volumes larger than this, to be understood.

The Maps

It has done its best. It has decided to leave out Latin Grammar and two treatises on history and geography which had appeared in the first edition, and put in their places two summaries of ancient and modern geography and history. There are also two maps, one, as we must admit, a trifle skimpy, of the World, indulgently described as representing all the modern discoveries, and the other a very handsome one of France, with all its 86 Departments.

It would be pleasant to follow the whole of Anna Marie Eyre's vellum Encyclopedia in similar detail, and it would not be difficult because it is cast in the form of question and answer.

In Praise of Commerce

The Peter Simples of 1827 were very inquiring. What, they ask, for example, is Music? And the Encyclopedia replies without beating about the bush that it is the science which examines the properties of sounds that can produce melody or harmony. And what is Commerce? Ah! there the little vellum book waxes eloquent. Commerce is one of the most precious advantages that we have received from Nature. It brings together countries that the vast oceans, the inaccessible mountains, and the frightful deserts seemed to have separated for ever; it brings all peoples into a community of welfare; it makes them almost into one family. In fact, so enthusiastic does the Encyclopedia become about commerce that we suspect its Editor of being a commercial traveller.

Yet he has many more sublime moments. What is Military Science? It is the art of making war, and the Encyclopedia dismisses that distasteful subject in three pages; whereas the art of swimming has four, and the art of printing, which enriches the republic of letters and every production of the human mind, has five. The Encyclopedia's science, especially in physics and electricity, seems to be in its infancy; but there is a bolder explanation of

A BOY'S VISIT TO AN INDIAN WIGWAM

Once upon a time a very small boy crawling on a moose-skin rug asked his father where it came from? The answer was Canada.

Then the boy wanted to know what Canada is like. So his father, a farmer in the Catskill Mountains, described the wild forests of Canada, her great lakes, and her snows, and the Indians who go hunting there.

"Let me go to Canada!" pleaded the boy. His father promised that if he were good and worked hard he should go to Canada when he was as tall as the mantelpiece.

Three Wonderful Weeks

The boy, whose name is Bob North, did work hard. At six he drove a hay-raking machine and at nine he could make loads. So when he was eleven his father took him to Canada.

They had three wonderful weeks in the wild woods, living like Indians. Sometimes they could travel in their canoe, but sometimes they carried it overland, or dragged it across ice on a travois of felled saplings. They made themselves beds of pine branches on the snow-covered ground and built teepees of saplings to keep their heads dry. Sometimes they were so weary with their long trappings that they slept for thirteen hours at a stretch, and sometimes they were kept awake by the weird, ghostly groans and shrieks which came from the freezing lakes and sounded like hobgoblins rather than of ice.

Bob's Adventures

Bob kept a journal, usually writing down the day's adventures while he watched supper cooking on a fire of twigs, and Messrs. Putnam have published it with the title *Bob North Goes Exploring*. This is the seventh volume in the firm's series of books written by boys for boys.

Most people will envy Bob his adventures, especially his invitation to an Indian wigwam. The wigwam was made of poles, so cleverly interlaced at the top that only a piece of rag was necessary to bind the ends together. Strips of birch bark sewn together were laid over the poles, and the skins of animals, chiefly deer, were on top. The front door was a flap, which was weighted by a stick, and fell back by itself after visitors had crept in.

A Smiling Squaw

The first thing Bob saw inside was a smiling squaw, whom he thought really noble and dignified. Then he saw blanket heaps, out of which little brown faces began to peep. The papooses were soon making friends with him over a bag of peppermints.

The wigwam was about ten feet in diameter, sweet smelling, and very warm. The carpet was of pine boughs, and a wood fire gleamed near a hole in the roof, through which the smoke escaped, curing some slabs of meat as it went. From the roof hung gloves and moccasins, which the Indians would trade for other things.

It is sad to think how many people living in European cities have homes which are not half so clean and neat as the home of this squaw, whom they would call a poor savage!

Continued from the previous column

thunder than many electricians would venture to offer now; and shooting-stars and earthquakes present no problems that the Editor cannot solve. Shooting-stars are little clouds of inflammable gas which catch fire, and earthquakes are caused by sudden inflammations of sulphurous exhalations beneath the surface of the ground.

Let us plumb the depths of this well of knowledge no farther. It was neatly and conscientiously and tidily done; and though it is a century old there is plenty of information in it of which there is no reason to complain.

SEEING THE KING

A Little Visit to Buckingham Palace

"You shall all see the King of England," rashly promised a missionary in China before he and his family started home on furlough.

How excited the children were, and how greatly worried was their rash father when he reached England and found out how hard it would be to keep his word! Somehow or another there seemed to be no chance of being able to take his children to see the King pass by.

"You promised, Daddy," was all the children would say, looking at him with trustful eyes.

So, driven into a corner, the missionary at last went to the Palace and spoke to the Lord Chamberlain. "Could he say just when the King would next be driving out of the gate? They would all be there to wave and to look. They came from far-away China."

A very kind letter was received by the missionary a day or two after his call, asking him to bring his little flock to the Palace at a time when they would be able to see the King.

The party called at the appointed time, and in a fine room they waited. By and by King George came in, and chatted with them all with the greatest simplicity, interest, and kindness. They have a memory for a lifetime.

THE GREATEST WASTE IN THE WORLD

Under prohibition the United States has increased its overseas investments six times. Mr. Philip Snowden has been calling attention to this remarkable fact, and this is what he says of our own waste on drink.

There is no waste like the waste on intoxicating liquor. We spend annually on liquor over 300 million pounds, and that sum is approximately equal to the yield of income-tax and super-tax. It is wasteful and unnecessary.

Nothing depresses me more in connection with the many discussions on national economy than the way in which this colossal national waste is always ignored.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The inquiry into the Sevenoaks railway accident leaves the case still a mystery.

The staffs of the Newcastle Guardians could not be paid their wages the other day owing to some financial difficulties.

Gainsborough toll bridge, built 140 years ago for £12,000, has just been bought for the public for £130,000.

Blind Listeners-In

The number of free wireless licences granted to the blind is now approaching five thousand.

The Sunflower at Sea

So light is the pith of the sunflower that it is now being used for making life-belts. It is four times as buoyant as cork.

An Offer to King Alfonso

It has just been revealed that in his tour in Morocco some time ago the King of Spain was offered a slave.

Stratford's Hundred Thousand Visitors

Visitors to Shakespeare's birthplace this year have been about 100,000. In the last seven years the number has almost doubled.

World's Debt to a Blacksmith's Son

A memorial is to be set up in Southwark to Michael Faraday, the Southwark blacksmith's son, to whom every dynamo in the world owes its origin.

A Book a Year

An exhibition of printing, with a book printed in every year from 1472 to 1927, is attracting much interest at Southwark Library.

Billy in the Flood

During the great flood at Cardiff a seal from the Zoo escaped from his pond and swam about the streets until he found a fish shop, where he enjoyed some cooked cutlets.

A WIDOW AT THE ZOO

NELLIE COMES FORWARD
Orang-utan Who Will Become a Big Favourite

UNFRIENDLY PONGO

By Our Zoo Correspondent

For many years the Zoo has always had one orang-utan which has considered it his particular duty to provide visitors with amusement.

The last "star" performer was Murphy, an ape that died recently, and he is to be succeeded by Nellie, an orang-utan about five years old which is as docile as Murphy and nearly as intelligent as he was.

Nellie is a widow. Her husband, Ginger, died soon after Murphy, for he, too, found our damp, sunless summer unbearable. While Ginger was alive Nellie's virtues were not fully appreciated, because her mate regarded human beings with suspicion and did not approve of his wife making a fuss of them; he himself had no objection to accepting food, but Nellie was made to sit in the background and avoid friendship with man.

However, although the death of Ginger was a great trouble to Nellie and she draped herself in a blanket and mourned him bitterly for several days, she soon came from the back of the cage and turned to visitors for consolation, and forgot his instructions.

Sad Brown Eyes

Nellie although greets her human friends warmly when they visit her. She gazes at them with her sad brown eyes and offers to shake hands, and if feeling particularly amiable she then raises the visitor's hand to her lips and kisses it. She is tame enough to be allowed out of her cage, and, though curious and anxious to explore the house, she makes no effort to escape.

Her outlook on life is exceedingly modern; she enjoys smoking a cigarette, and longs for the handbags, strings of beads, and watches of her women friends. She fondly fingers the coveted articles, pleading for them with her eyes, and when offered old bus tickets and pencils as substitutes she takes them, regards them critically, and hands them back with a mournful sigh.

With the exception of Pongo, a dour, unfriendly little creature, Nellie is the only orang-utan at the Zoo, and she has every chance of becoming a great favourite. Physically she is much smaller than either Murphy or Ginger, but she is a powerful animal, and even when shaking hands gently the strength of her muscles can be felt. Yet Nellie never tries to use this strength to injure the people who visit her, but is always careful not to hurt them.

THE ELECTRIC FARM

A Sussex Success

The Minister of Agriculture is thinking of having a survey made of the need of electrical development in rural areas. We hope his thought will be quickly followed by action.

English farmers are conservative people, but they are moving. There are now 700 of them, against only 200 two years ago, who have called in electric power to their aid.

Not many of them, however, can have made such good use of it as Mr. Borlase Matthews, who has just been describing his famous Sussex farm. There electricity fans the cut grass into hay in one day without help from the Sun. It supplies artificial sunshine, which keeps the bees making honey all the year round, lengthens the eating and laying hours of the hens, and causes flowers to bloom in the night before a wedding.

Electricity also milks the cows direct into the electric cream separator, besides doing many unpleasant duties that are the bugbear of the farm labourer.

AN INVENTOR LOOKS OUT COUNTRY BACKWARD WITH IDEAS

A Dreamer Waiting for His
Dream to Come True

THE CARPET ON THE TABLE

Some time ago the C.N. gave a summary of a striking address by Dr. W. H. Eccles, President of the Electrical Engineers, on British backwardness in patented inventions.

This Dr. Eccles attributed to neglect of education and research, and a very active inventor, writing to the C.N., disagrees with this view. He writes to us after having spent some days at the Inventions Exhibition at Westminster, and his opinions are interesting. He argues that the real failure is not in a decline in British invention, but in the lack of money for the development of patents.

If Money Were Available

He claims that he has twenty inventions which he could put on the market if money were available, and that there are thousands of inventors in the same position. British financiers are not keeping abreast of the great advance in science in the last ten years, and that deprives the country of the advantage of its inventive genius.

Our correspondent adds to his letter an inventor's outlook toward what may be happening at no distant period, and we give his outlook as a sign of what is stirring in the minds of men who are seeking to understand and use laws of the Universe that have hitherto been but feebly comprehended.

A Tale of a Modern Laboratory

By an Inventor

I wish I were young again. Some day, when you are on the wrong side of sixty, you will wish it too. My principal reason for wishing it is on a table close beside where I write.

Why should that jumble of switches and coils and tubes make anyone wish to be young? I will tell you.

That is my version of the wonderful magic carpet you once sat on and in imagination went hurtling away through space to wherever you wanted to go. It has taken thirty years to arrange all those bits of brass and wire and glass, thousands of experiments, and a rearrangement of scientific ideas that it will take another twenty years to get the world to accept.

Think what a wonderful world this would be if you could go wherever you wanted at a speed of 600 miles an hour, as comfortably and safely as if you were sitting in a luxurious motor-car. If it were too cold in London in two hours you could be down by the Mediterranean; if it were too hot, in the same time you could be up in Norway. You could week-end where you pleased, and, if you had to live near London near London would mean in Scotland or Ireland. That is a world worth thinking of, and that is why I wish I were a young man again, for it is all on that table—the magic carpet of 1940.

The Power of Human Thought

But, you will ask, how can such a thing be done with a few odds and ends of quite ordinary looking apparatus?

Well, the same question might have been asked 25 years ago if I had shown you a wireless set and told you that with it I could talk to a person in New York. One is not a bit more wonderful than the other, and they both depend on the same fact, which is that man is beginning to understand a few of the simplest laws of Nature. Also there is another curious thing which in itself might also be called a law, and that is that if the human mind can think of anything as being possible it is possible.

We do not know enough to be able to think of anything that is impossible.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address.

Can Rain Occur Without Clouds?

In certain conditions raindrops may be formed directly through moisture-laden air striking a cold region without the intervening formation of clouds.

What Makes Stars Twinkle?

The twinkling is due to the pencil of light that comes through a star being deflected here and there as it passes through different layers of our atmosphere with different densities.

Is Hawaii an Italian Word?

No; it is a revised spelling of Owyhee, the name which the natives called the islands when Captain Cook found them. It means the hot place, and it is pronounced Hah-wi-ye, with stress on the second syllable.

What Do the Letters F.R.S.A.I. Stand For?

Probably these mean Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland, although that is generally indicated by F.R.S.A.Irel. F.R.S.S.A. means Fellow of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts.

What is the Board of Trade?

A Government department that deals with most matters relating to trade and industry. Its head is the President, a member of the Government of the day, and its staff are expert Civil Servants. It is divided into many sub-departments.

From What English Port Did the Mayflower Set Out?

The Pilgrim Fathers from Leyden joined the Mayflower at Southampton, whence it had sailed from London. They then started, but put in first at Dartmouth and then at Plymouth, from which port they finally sailed to America.

How Many Legs Has a Caterpillar?

The caterpillar of a butterfly is divided into thirteen segments, making with the head fourteen divisions. Each of the first three nearest the head, called the thoracic segments, has a pair of true legs. The third to the sixth of the abdominal segments have each a pair of false legs, called prolegs, and there is also a pair on the last ring.

To What Depth Do Storms Move Objects on the Sea Bed?

Sir Archibald Geikie says that waves and ground swells are merely surface agitations and probably seldom extend sensibly more than a few hundred feet downward. When a hurricane is raising the surface of the ocean into a violent commotion he contends that we must think of the deep abysses as silent and calm.

Does the Top of a Carriage Wheel Move Faster than the Bottom?

Relative to the axle, no, but relative to the road, yes. The top part of the wheel is moving in the direction the vehicle is travelling, and its movement relative to the road is the combined rate of the vehicle's speed and the speed of the rim of the wheel. The part in contact with the road, however, is moving in a direction opposite to that the vehicle is travelling, and a point on its surface is always stationary relative to the ground.

Continued from the previous column

Man set himself the task of finding a way of talking to New York without wires, and he has done it. Thirty years ago I set myself the task of finding a way of travelling at 600 miles an hour, and on that table is the solution. But thirty years is a long time, and so I wish that I were young again.

Throughout the world there are probably a dozen tables with the same, or very nearly the same, apparatus on them, for, although the present writer is the first (so far as he knows) to make a patent application for the principle of the magic carpet, and an application of it, it is almost certain that many others are very close to the same idea.

That is what very often happens when a new path is being opened up, for the thought of the individual is almost always built up on the cumulative thought of the many. As to who or which country will first make use of this new path it is hard to foresee. It is a question of time and money, and others may therefore quite well be first; but we can feel quite certain that as the thought of the world is ready for it, and the world's necessity demands it, it will appear very soon, and who does it does not really matter much.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

A Sculptor of Distinction

Sir Francis Chantrey died on November 25, 1841.

One April day at the beginning of the nineteenth century there appeared in a Sheffield newspaper called the Iris an advertisement of a young man named Francis Legatt Chantrey undertaking to execute portraits in crayons or oils for from two to three guineas each. Twenty years later the King of England offered Chantrey three hundred guineas for a portrait bust.

Francis was born at a place called Jordanthorpe, near Sheffield, on April 7, 1781. His father was a small farmer and carpenter, and Francis had to think about work as soon as he had passed through the village school. He became a grocer's boy in Sheffield. Before he had run errands and cleaned windows very long he began to think seriously about another kind of work.

The Fascinating Window

There was a carver named Ramsay living in the town who also dealt in plaster models, and the grocer's boy used to flatten his nose against the window for a minute or two whenever he was out on an errand. The work attracted him so powerfully that after a time he succeeded in becoming apprenticed to the carver.

Francis was then sixteen. Before a year was out he had justified the change. He met artists and designers in this workshop, learned something of stone carving, began to work with his pencil, drawing landscapes and portraits. For a few shillings a quarter he hired a room of his own, and went there in all his spare time. The result of this industry and his own innate genius was the advertisement in the Iris in 1802.

Early Commissions

Before the year was out he was studying at the Royal Academy; but he did not neglect his Sheffield patrons, and for eight years returned there periodically to execute commissions. In 1804 Francis had a portrait hung in the Academy; but that was not his real work. He was a born sculptor, and presently turned most of his attention to that branch of art.

Sheffield was much interested in this rising genius, and Francis had his first commissions for marble busts from friends in that town. The first was for the vicar of the parish church. Presently other towns recognised him, and Francis had a number of orders for busts at ten pounds apiece. Unfortunately marble costs money, and the sculptor was having a severe struggle.

Part of his temporary trouble was solved by a happy marriage with a well-to-do cousin. He set up a studio and toiled on relentlessly, being a giant for work and of an incurable ambition. Soon his portrait busts were being talked of seriously in London. In a few years Chantrey was at the head of his profession.

The Sleeping Children

Nearly all the big towns of England have among their treasures a piece of sculpture by him. The most famous is the memorial of two sleeping children in Lichfield Cathedral. He carved portrait busts of all the distinguished men of his day. He was knighted in 1835.

His life made him memorable, but an act just before his death has given his name for ever on the annals of his country. When he passed away on November 25, 1841, this son of a carpenter was worth £150,000, all hard-earned in the field of art. He was childless, and arranged that after the death of his widow England should be his heir.

It was his desire to start a collection of painting and sculpture by artists of any nation who happened to be living in England when the work was done. This collection, housed at the Tate Gallery, is known as the Chantrey Bequest, and already contains some magnificent work.

NEXT WEEK'S METEORS

WHY THEY MAY BE
SCARCE

Clusters of Brilliant Stars as
a Misty Patch of Light

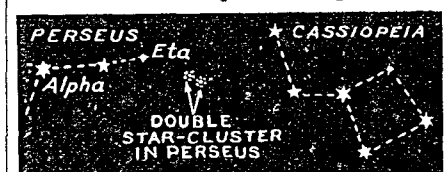
THE HOTTEST SUNS

By the C.N. Astronomer

The early part of next week, until November 23, may give observers an opportunity of seeing some of the Andromeda meteors speed across the sky from a point almost overhead.

The dark, moonless nights will be favourable, but, as in the case of the Leonids referred to in last week's C.N., the Andromedids have been scarce in recent years.

The chief cause for this is that the nucleus of this vast stream of meteors only periodically comes near enough to the Earth to be influenced by her attraction and so provide a grand display.



Where to find the star-cluster of Perseus.

play. Again, these meteors travel as a vast swarm in an immense oval or elliptical orbit, like that of the parent comet.

This orbit is subject to a change of direction, which may be due to the attraction of one of the greater planets, Jupiter or Saturn, and result in the bulk of the meteors deviating from the Earth's path.

But as the unexpected has so often happened with meteor displays they are well worth looking for, even if only a few are seen. What immense distances those cometary particles have come, often from far beyond the limits of the Solar System!

While watching for these so-called shooting-stars the eye may wander a little to the north-east of overhead, across the myriads of stellar points and belts of soft light produced by the millions of unseen suns which constitute the Milky Way, to a particularly bright area, the region of the double star-cluster of Perseus.

It lies between the constellation of Cassiopeia and that of Perseus (a star map of which appeared last week). To the eye it appears as a small, misty patch of light, somewhat elongated and not quite so large as the Moon appears. Two distinct bright centres will be obvious on a clear, dark night. These will be quite easily seen through field-glasses or binoculars, the cluster nearer Cassiopeia appearing much brighter in the centre.

Island Groups of Suns

Actually they are two gorgeous clusters of brilliant helium suns, many hundreds in number; they are generally of the Orion and Pleiades type, that is, at about the hottest state of their existence and hotter than anything else. Shining with an intensely brilliant bluish-white light, the suns of these magnificent clusters appear to be arranged in many curves, which exhibit a decided spiral form, as if the suns were whirled out, in the course of long ages, from some grand centre in which they originated.

They are at least 1000 light-years distant, probably more, appearing as two island groups of suns, as it were, in the vast inland sea of space between our tiny Solar System and the Milky Way, whose countless millions of suns lie at distances of from 20 to 30 thousand light-years, and whose soft light can be seen stretching across the heavens in a broad, ill-defined belt on any dark, starlit night.

G. F. M.
Other Worlds. In the evening Saturn south-west, Jupiter and Uranus south. In the morning Venus and Mercury east.

DESERT ISLAND

The Story of a
Modern Crusoe

By
Marjory Royce

CHAPTER 16

The Splendid Stranger

THE boys ran down the shore. The boat certainly was within hail. They could see it contained neither the little, bald, merry-eyed Prendergast nor the enormous, red-haired Uncle Bluster, nor the De Lisle they had never met—for this was a real wild fisher-boy, a young Goliath in a rough blue jersey. At the end of his boat was what looked like a high crate.

"What's in the box, I wonder?" pondered Rafe. "Make signs, you chaps, can't you? Oh, bother! If only I had my whistle!"

But there was no need for the whistle. Such startling, blood-curdling yells were set up by John and Hilary, the two blanketed figures on the beach, that the boatman turned, raised his hand in response to frantic signals, and rowed in their direction.

He was looking at the blanketed figures with obvious surprise. The sight seemed to discourage him, especially, perhaps, because Hilary made faces at him.

Rafe saw what was happening, and sternly bade Hilary and John go up to the cave.

"Go and change. You're frightening him. He is most likely from a remote island and fears the sight of you," he told them.

They obeyed Rafe, and dashed away. Their departure certainly reassured the stranger. When Rafe stepped into the water and stretched out imploring arms to the boat the young man smiled doubtfully once more, and rowed right up to the beach. Then he jumped out, pulled up his boat, and said something in a queer tongue they could make nothing of.

In vain did they gesticulate, trying to make him understand they wished a message taken.

It was rather fun making gestures of despair. The children were still light-hearted enough to laugh at themselves when Alastair pretended to cry and Teddy to tear out his hair, and they all three suddenly burst out laughing. And then the strange, robust fisherman, standing before them so honest and so bewildered (over six feet he was as he stood there in waterproof fishing-boots drawn up to his thighs), seemed only too glad to laugh, too, and said more words in that queer tongue of his, pointing at the neat little crate.

The boys peered eagerly into it. It contained *hens*! Six of them, dainty creatures with rose combs.

"We must buy them," said Teddy, feeling in his pockets. "Got any money, you fellows?"

It was curious to think that so far the question of money had not come up at all. Teddy produced two six-pences; Rafe three shillings and a penny; Alastair, much to their surprise, owned a whole pound note, which he took out carefully and dramatically waved in the face of the stranger.

The fisher-lad, however, remained unimpressed. So much so that Alastair was led to flapping his pound note indignantly close up against the great, good-humoured face. The white teeth flashed in a smile and more unintelligible words were spoken.

"Gaelic probably," said Teddy; but Alastair only cried: "Doesn't he understand I'm offering my whole pound for these six wretched hens, though why I don't know."

"We need them to lay eggs, of course, buffoon!" said Rafe.

By now Hilary and John, who had rushed into their uncomfortable, sodden clothes with as little delay as possible, had come up.

"I say, how splendid he is!" cried Hilary.

"We want to buy his fowls," explained Rafe. "They'll be in-

valuable to us. Either he won't sell or he doesn't understand."

"Barter them," said John.

"I hadn't thought of that. What have I got?" Rafe held out his watch and pointed again to the fowls. A pity to have to part with his beloved watch. Still, it was better than starvation.

The fisher-lad's face lit up.

"This time he understands," exclaimed Alastair. But the lad shook his head at the watch.

"Are these any good?" asked Teddy, producing silver cuff-links.

The fisher-lad took them in his huge, horny hands and turned them over. He evidently hardly understood their purpose, and gave them back. The interview seemed to be at an end. Nobody appeared to have anything else to offer. No use. With a pang Rafe saw the fisher-lad beginning to shove off his boat, with the valuable freight still aboard it.

Suddenly John ran forward and held out his precious torch.

CHAPTER 17

Exchange and Barter

THE young Viking seemed very much taken up with the torch.

Hope began to beam from the eyes of the boys watching him. They did want the hens badly: Rafe because he saw how useful they were going to be in their enforced sojourn on the island; John because he was hungry and liked eggs; the others, probably, because the creatures looked so pleasant and stretched their heads as far as they could out of the crate, as if to ask for a welcome.

John knew his torch was no ordinary one. It was a big torch, hanging from a leather case.

The stranger rubbed it thoughtfully all over with a big forefinger. He seemed unable to work it.

John rectified this by showing him where to press. A flash of light answered the pressure, and there was an answering flash of delight on the young fisherman's face. It was evidently the torch or nothing.

John looked at Rafe, awaiting his opinion. Rafe nodded.

"I suppose these hens would be worth about four shillings each, and the torch, I know, cost thirty bob," John said; "it's a fair deal."

The stranger appeared to think it more than fair. With gesticulations they completed the bargain, and John had the honour of taking the Viking's finger and making him press the spot. Again that look of delight dawned on the magnificent sailor's face. With a willing movement he took the crate in his brawny arms and dumped it carefully on the sands. A little bagful of corn was then taken from the boat and put beside it, the stranger making signs—opening his mouth and pointing inside.

The quick eyes of Hilary spied a herring lying at the bottom of the boat. He didn't see why that should not go to the bargain as well, so with a swift gesture he seized it and grimaced with upraised eyebrows, questioning the King of Men, who smiled indulgently and waved his hands as if to say "By all means! A trifle!"

Then a more dramatic scene took place, and Rafe had to face one of the hardest decisions of his life. The stranger, instead of getting back into the boat and rowing away, turned to Rafe and, with a movement of his hands, invited him to get in. He pointed out far into the blue, enchanting horizon. He beckoned him urgently to come with him, smiling on him with such honest goodwill and courtesy that Rafe felt he would give all he had to be able to get aboard and sail off to new isles and new adventures. He would serve under this uncouth and comely giant with the fearless

blue eyes and the iron muscles anywhere. What a chance! What an honour to be chosen! Rafe's heart swelled with answering admiration.

But the sight of his twin's eyes fixed anxiously on his own brought him back to a sense of his responsibility. Go when all the others were wanting his help and knowledge? He was wanted on Lithramore, and he knew it. Without a murmur he batted down the urgent longings within him and shook his head.

The young Viking understood that Rafe meant No; he went off alone, scrambling into his boat and bowing queer little foreign bows of farewell.

They stood and waved to him in a solid row, and the last signal was a flash from the torch which so pleased him.

"I do hope Monica Mildred hasn't let the fire out," said Rafe anxiously, as they made their way back.

Monica Mildred had not. The pot was safely on the fire full of potatoes, and when the fish was brought the cook said at once, "We'll put the fish in too. It'll be all right."

"Wait; it must be cleaned first," said Rafe; and, taking it, he cleaned it out with a sharp stone and rinsed it. Then it went into the pot, and the lid was shut down, and the excited cook turned to admire the six Wyandottes.

It was soon decided that they were to live for the moment in a small cave adjacent to the Hewart family cave, Sea Lodge, as Monica Mildred called it. Luckily this cave, immediately christened by Monica Egg Manor, possessed a very small aperture, and this they found they could barricade for the moment with the crate.

"We'll just unpack them to see if there are any eggs," said Rafe anxiously, noticing that little Corinne was looking very miserable. "Come on, Corinne, you'll like to see the hens unpacked."

"I'm so hungry," wept the little maid. "It takes so long to make dinner."

This was enough for Teddy.

"Come along!" he cried. "You and I had better dig for hidden treasure at once," and, taking her hand, he led the way to the place where he had buried the chocolate biscuits.

There they were, safe and sound in their brown, pink-flowered tins. Teddy opened a box and handed them round, after having first given one to Corinne. The others seemed inclined to praise Ted for having hidden emergency biscuits. Nobody knew of the greed that had prompted him to the act, and he manfully did his penance (for he was heartily ashamed of himself) by not allowing himself a single

biscuit, though his hunger now had become wolfish.

Meanwhile, Hilary and Rafe had managed to unpack the Wyandottes. They would have to make a hen-run at once. Rafe saw the poor creatures could not live permanently in such a twilight home, but there was sunshine enough inside the cave to see that there were no less than three eggs.

Then was Rafe very expeditious! He lit up the methylated spirit stand, had the kettle (full of spring water) on in a trice, and two of the three eggs were dropped inside.

The one remaining bit of bread was kept for Corinne, and in a very little time she was smiling with delight at a delicious egg, the shell having been peeled off by Teddy, broken into a cup in a new and pleasant way. Monica Mildred was presented with an egg also.

"It was a wonderful thing getting hens, wasn't it? I want to know each separately; we must fix their names," said Monica, taking the lid off the pot. "I say, these potatoes are nearly done. Where are the plates?"

"Hill, you're waiter for the day," commanded Rafe.

They all sat about on the sandy, grass-covered bunkers by the camp fire; and while Monica ate her egg Hilary had the joy of fishing out the potatoes. They had the jolliest fish flavour! The herring had broken up, and each person was able to have a small piece to help out his meal. Luckily there were plenty of potatoes; and they could be mashed with the tea-knives from the picnic hamper.

The first thing to do is to arrange about our camp," said Rafe, who felt much better after a meal. "Let's have it on the Lonesome plan. We may be left here for some time. According to that message on the sand we shall—"

"Hist!" said Alastair, interrupting.

The boys stared at one another. "Did you see something? I thought I saw a man's head come slowly round the peak," Alastair stammered.

"So did I, a grey shadow," said Rafe. "Shape of a man's head."

"It is the hermit!" said Monica Mildred, standing up and looking as if she were going to bolt.

"If it is so much the better," said Rafe cheerily. "We'll have a hunt for him, and we'll talk to him, and arrange to pay him for the use of his cooking pot every day. It seems to me that we may find ourselves here for a little while."

"You've said that hundreds of times," muttered Hilary.

"So we may as well make ourselves as comfortable as possible," Rafe went on, ignoring him. "I propose to form a brotherhood. We'll all do something to help and to make things go well. Hands up for electing Monica Mildred cook for a week, anyway!"

Every hand went up.

"I propose to make John Keeper of the Garbage—I mean, John, you're to clear up all rubbish. Alastair, you're to be Keeper of the Legends; that is, to tell us stories at odd times, for you know dozens. I propose that Hilary be Keeper of the Hens. (I'll help you, Hill, to make a run.) Then Teddy is to be Medicine Man and look after health and ailments; and Corinne is to be Keeper of the Tom-tom (or ringer of the dinner bell); she can have the chocolate biscuit tin in the cave to beat with two sticks. Then I'll be Keeper of the Council Fire; we've got to go fuel-hunting soon. There's heaps to do, isn't there?"

"I must see to our sleeping places," said Monica Mildred importantly. "You boys would like to have a cave, wouldn't you? If you'll find one, Alastair, we can put your sleeping things there."

"I must find a place for a bathroom at once," said Teddy fussily. "I saw a bit of soap in the hermit's room—and I borrowed it. Do you think he'll mind, Rafe?"

But Rafe didn't answer: his eyes were fixed on a large aeroplane which was flying toward them.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Great Politician

THERE was once a little lad in London who was growing up in such bad company that his life seemed likely to be ruined. His father had died when the boy was only a year old, and then his mother had married a drunken and worthless actor.

The lad was bright and promising, and the more decent members of the theatrical company were grieved to see him living amid such wretched surroundings. So one of them wrote to the boy's uncle, who was a banker, and told him that his little nephew was under such evil influences that he would come to be hanged if he were not better cared for. That boy did not come to the gallows. He came to be Prime Minister of England, and his son became Governor-General of India.

The banker-uncle took charge of him, sent him to Eton and Oxford, where he distinguished himself, and when he was 23 he became a Member of Parliament. When 26 he was made Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. When he was 30 he was able to allow his mother a pension of £500 a year, for by that time he had married a very rich lady.

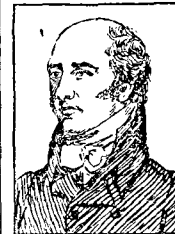
During the first quarter of the nineteenth century his name was mentioned by people who studied politics almost as often as the names of Pitt and Fox and Wellington, and the fame of his eloquence was great. Now he is not often thought of except when foreign affairs a century ago are discussed.

He was independent in mind and independent through money, and he knew he was cleverer than most men in Parliament, so he felt he ought to have a very high place, either as Minister for Foreign Affairs or even Prime Minister. But men who feel like that do not readily get what they want. He was Foreign Minister for two years, and in that time managed to bring off a bold stroke which upset the ambitious plans of the great Napoleon. That stroke was the capture of the Danish fleet to prevent its falling into Napoleon's hands when he was over-running Europe.

Then for fifteen years he was in and out of smaller offices. In 1822 he again became Foreign Minister, and made another bold move by joining with the United States in acknowledging the independence of the Spanish colonies on the American continent, and so freeing that continent from the danger of European ambition. Five years later he realised his ambition of becoming Prime Minister. But it was

only for three months, for then he died.

He did not fulfil all his hopes, but such a life was a great success for one who had had such an unfortunate childhood. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



Arthur Mee's First Christmas Number

The first Christmas number of My Magazine that has ever been published is now ready everywhere, and if you would make sure of your copy of this wonderful issue you would be well advised to buy it before the stocks are exhausted. Here are a few of its features.

Who Brought the News From Bethlehem?

A Fascinating Possibility

This Year's Pictures From Paris

A Beautiful Colour Gallery of Art

One of the World's Great

Consolations

A Legacy of the War

The Girls of the World of Yesterday

A Splendid Collection of Paintings Reproduced in Photogravure

Captains of the Race of Men

The Builders-Up of Our World

The Twentieth Century B.C.

Who Were the Great Powers Then?

This Christmas number is a greatly enlarged issue, and it is profusely illustrated in colours and photogravure. The price for this month only is 1s. 6d. Ask for

MY MAGAZINE

Edited by Arthur Mee



THE BRAN TUB

Arithmetic and Spelling

TAKE 100 from a balance and leave the act of selling.

Take 50 from fire and leave renown.

Take 50 from the home of a wild beast and leave something we could not live without.

Take 1000 from a small rodent and leave an English river.

Take 500 from a channel for water and leave moisture falling in drops.

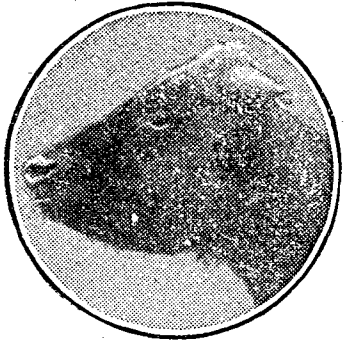
Take 1000 from fashion and leave a short poem.

Take 100 from a friendly talk and leave an article of clothing.

Take 500 from a famous English navigator and leave a long-handled tool.

Answers next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Gyal

The Gyal inhabits the hilly districts of North-east India, and is kept in large herds by a number of tribes for food. It is left to roam and feed in the forests during the day, and is not used as a beast of burden or in agricultural labour. Though a somewhat bulky animal, it traverses the rocky country with ease.

Proverbs About the Tongue

THE tongue is the rudder of our ship.

Better the feet slip than the tongue. Let not your tongue run away with your brains.

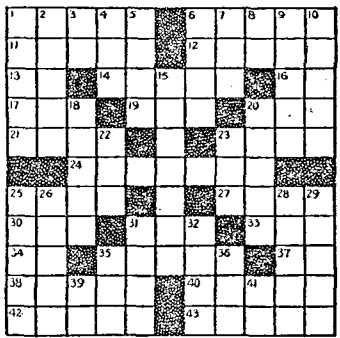
A good tongue is a good weapon. Confine your tongue, lest it confine you.

A bridle for the tongue is a necessary piece of furniture.

The tongue is not steel, yet it cuts.

Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 50 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below, and the answers will appear next week.



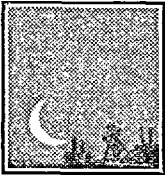
Reading Across. 1. Father. 6. To emit rays of light. 11. A likeness. 12. Big steamship. 13. Postal address for North of Scotland (abbrev.). 14. Storms. 16. Symbol for Queen Victoria (abbrev.). 17. Small, tapering end. 19. A seat. 20. A constellation. 21. A heavenly body. 22. A young salmon. 24. A bulwark. 25. Slight. 27. To shirk. 30. Possesses. 31. To lament. 32. The female of the hart. 34. A pronoun, neuter gender. 35. Loaded. 37. South Africa (abbrev.). 38. At no time. 40. Payment for services rendered. 42. Brinks. 43. A germ of a fern.

Reading Down. 1. Measures of capacity. 2. Scope. 3. Our citizen army (abbrev.). 4. To provoke. 5. To gather corn. 6. Killed. 7. That which belongs to him. 8. Within. 9. Not at any time. 10. Mistake. 15. A big cat. 18. Capital of France. 20. At some future time. 22. Hurried. 23. To look closely. 25. Yours. 28. Not liked. 28. The defeated. 29. The contract for the letting of lands. 31. Automobiles. 32. Trees found in churchyards. 35. The quarter toward which the wind blows. 36. A short sleep. 39. Nearly excellent (abbrev.). 41. To depart.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE fieldfares are now arriving.

Grey wagtails also are seen. The song thrush has begun its song again. Redwings are arriving. Among trees and bushes now completely stripped of leaves are the black currant, vine, apricot, wych elm, fig, peach, elder, elm, and larch.



Looking South 7 a.m., Nov. 21

How the Doiley Got Its Name

THE small mat-like napkin for the table was named after a seventeenth-century firm of linen-draper, Messrs. Doiley Brothers, who lived in the Strand and first made these mats. The firm was famous also for other articles, and the poet Dryden speaks of Doiley petticoats.

A Reversed Word

THERE'S a word of two syllables whose meaning implies what all should abstain from who are prudent and wise; The contrast is great, for reversed it will show what all men on earth are anxious to do.

Answer next week

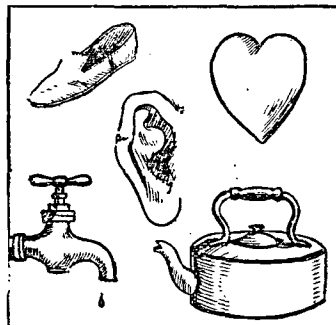
Ici On Parle Français



La figure La foire La plume

Elle vient de se laver la figure
Les paysans s'amuse à la foire
Son chapeau est orné d'une plume

Pictorial Fish



FIND the names of the objects shown here, and then by taking one letter from each word make the names of (1) a small fish, (2) a large ferocious fish, (3) a valuable food fish.

Answer next week

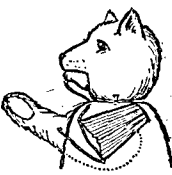
Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

A Blackboard Map. Here is a new kind of map which will be found very useful in the schoolroom. The map is made up of interlocking sections of some material such as wood or cardboard, the country itself being represented by a gap, so that when the map is placed on a blackboard a black shape is shown. The tutor can then fill in with chalk the rivers, towns, and so on, as the lesson proceeds.



A Lifelike Teddy Bear. Not only can this teddy bear move its head to right and left, but in doing so it is made to open and shut its mouth. By pressing down one of its forelegs, also, the mouth is made to open, and by an ingeniously-arranged cord device a small bellows which makes the bear appear to growl is at the same time brought into action. These devices are easily adapted to dolls.



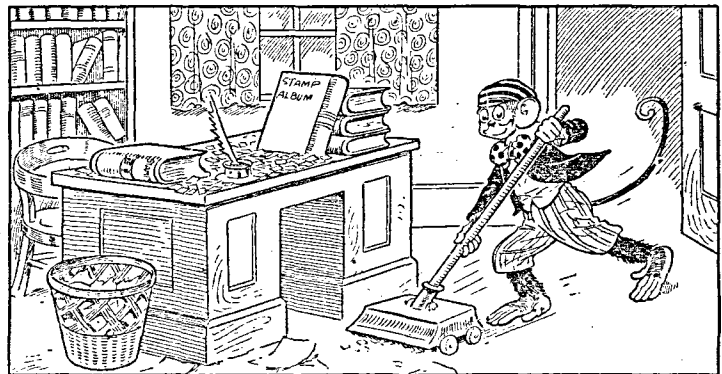
Jacko Tidies Things Up

JACKO wasn't at all popular with his relations. His Uncle and Aunt Podger could hardly bear to stay in the house, and as they drove up in a cab one day Aunt Podger remarked that the sooner their visit was over the better she would be pleased.

"I can't stand much of that dreadful boy," she told Uncle Podger. "He gets on my nerves."

But the dreadful boy was on his best behaviour all the time his uncle and aunt were in the house. He made himself so charming, in fact, that when the visit came to an end Aunt Podger actually invited Jacko to go and stay with her.

Mrs. Jacko didn't make any objections, though she looked a little worried. She couldn't help wondering what mischief



"It will teach Uncle Podger to be tidy," he said

Jacko would get up to when he found himself out of reach of his father's cane.

But Jacko was as good as gold. He was quite helpful in the house, for Aunt Podger had a carpet-sweeper, and there was nothing he liked better than running it over the carpets.

But there was one room that he was not allowed to go in, and that was Uncle Podger's study. Uncle Podger greatly disliked having his things disturbed, and would not allow anybody to touch them.

One morning Jacko opened the door and peeped in. Uncle Podger had gone off to his office and Aunt Podger was busy in the kitchen. When Jacko saw the fearful muddle in the room he thought it was a splendid opportunity for what he called putting things straight and giving his aunt a surprise. He fetched the carpet-sweeper and ran it over the floor.

Uncle Podger certainly was a very untidy man. He was a stamp collector, for one thing, and when he couldn't find room for all his stamps on his desk he allowed them to overflow on to the floor. Lots of them were lying on the carpet, but they disappeared rapidly when Jacko ran the sweeper over them!

"It will teach Uncle Podger to be tidy," he said severely. "He should put his stamps in the wastepaper-basket if he doesn't want them!"

But apparently Uncle Podger did want the stamps; there was a fearful to-do when he came home that night and found that some valuable specimens had disappeared.

"Somebody has been in my study!" he roared. "It's that wretched boy; I know it is!"

And he seized the first weapon he could lay his hands on (it happened to be the carpet-sweeper) and shook it violently.

But the thing wouldn't stand much waving about. It promptly fell to bits—and out came the stamps, a little bit crumpled but really otherwise none the worse.

Uncle Podger was so relieved that he didn't bother to go after Jacko. But Aunt Podger did. "You'll go home tomorrow," she declared. And he did.

Do You Live at Dover?

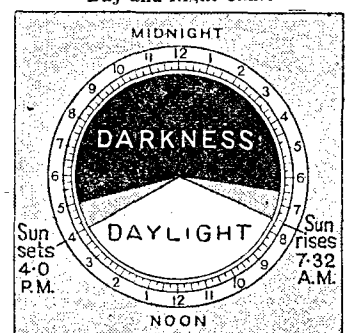
DOVER in Kent is on the River Douve, and from that stream it takes its name. The river gets its name from the Welsh word dwfr, which means stream. Dovercourt has the same origin, court being a yard or walled enclosure, so that the word means the yard on the banks of a stream.

A Charade

IN every hedge my second is
As well as every tree,
And when poor schoolboys act amiss
It often is their fee.
My first is always wicked,
Yet ne'er committed sin;
My total for my first is fitted,
Composed of brass or tin.

Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

D! MERRYMAN

Saucing the Goose

IMPORTANT YOUNG MAN (indignantly): How long will the next train be, portah?

Porter (who had had enough of it when the last train was missed): How long? Can't say, I'm sure, to a foot or two. Four or five coaches and an engine or so.

A Double Dose

AN ostrich who'd swallowed a key Declared he felt right as could be.

Said the doctor, "Indeed? Then it's iron you need— We must give you the lock for your tea."

Not Proven

DON'T you know it's wicked to catch fish on a Sunday? Who's catching fish? Haven't caught a fish all day!

From the Sublime to the Ridiculous
SUBLINE: The fashions of our own day.

Ridiculous: The fashions of any other day, especially those of our grandfathers.

Correct



"How deep is that puddle," asked Snorum of Snap, "Into which your five toes you have put?"

And his friend, who's a witty and bright little chap, Replied promptly, "Just over one foot!"

A Joke on the Joker

GOBERT the actor had not a good memory, and when in a performance he had to write a decree or read a letter he was always supplied with a copy of it beforehand.

One evening, in a military play of the time, Gobert had to receive a letter from his aide-de-camp and read it to his officers. The aide-de-camp was Gautier, the practical joker of the theatre, who conceived the idea of substituting a piece of blank paper for the letter that had been prepared. When the moment arrived he came on the stage and handed the paper to Gobert.

Gobert unsealed it, and, realising the trick, gravely gave the paper back to Gautier, saying, "You read me the letter, please, General."

At this unexpected request Gautier lost his head completely, and, being unable to make up anything, left the stage.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

The Currant Bun

Here is the solution of the problem of cutting up the currant bun:

Word Square
M U L E
U S E D
L E A D
E D D Y

The Four Winds

NEWS

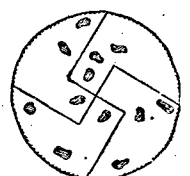
Leaf, lean, bean, beat, bell, fell, fall.

An Enigma. Thought.

A Buried Flower. Chrysanthemum.

An Arithmetical Problem

100 + 200 + 300 + 400 = 1000;



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

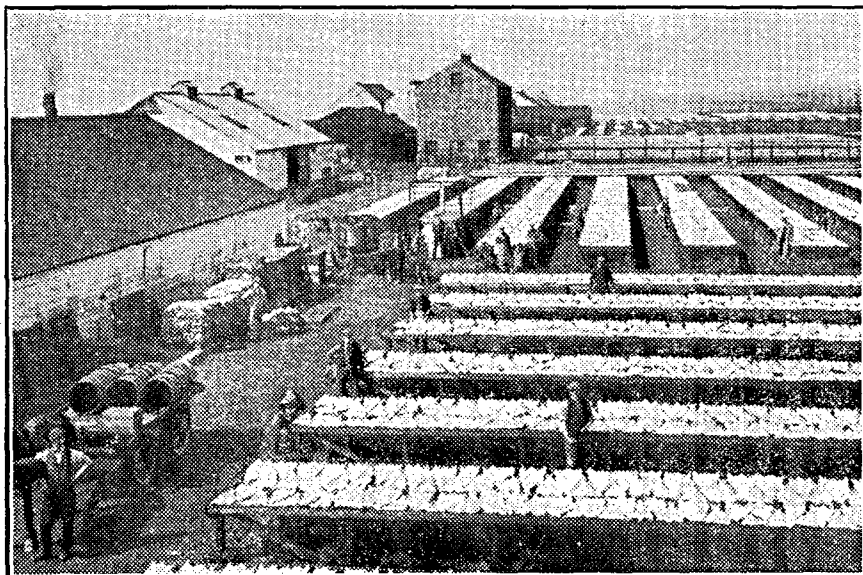
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 19, 1927

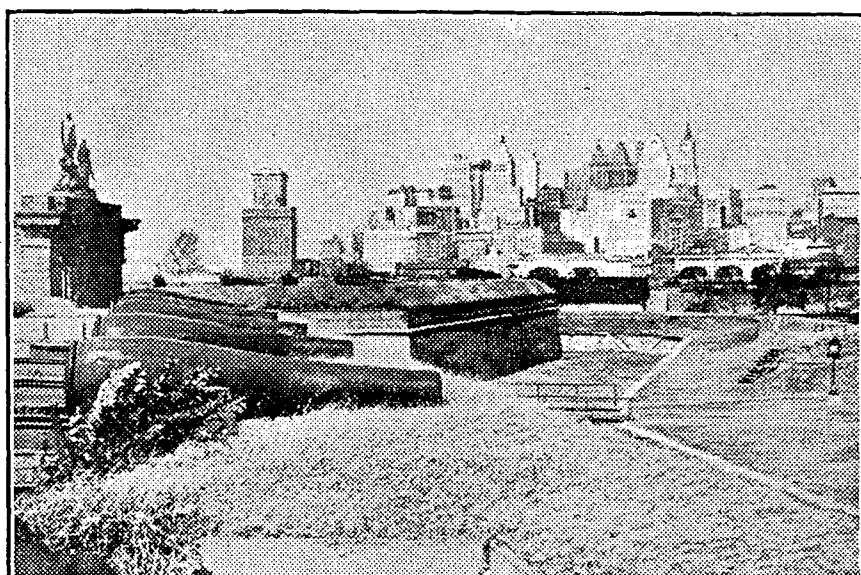
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

A HANDFUL OF CHAMELEONS • THE TRUANT BUOY • ANTARCTIC CHURCH



Fish for Export—Thousands of tons of dried and salted cod are exported from Hull every year to South America and various parts of Europe. Here we see the fish spread out to dry.



The Gate of the New World—This unfamiliar view of New York was taken from Governor's Island. The ancient cannon contrast strangely with the very modern city of skyscrapers.



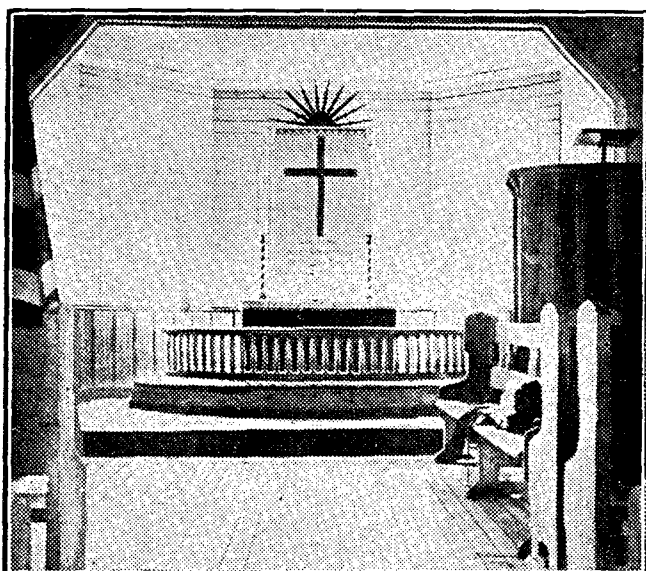
Ready for Next Summer—The steamers which sail from London to Ramsgate are being painted in readiness for next summer. These men are at work on a ventilator.



New Arrivals at the Zoo—A family of dwarf chameleons has arrived at the Zoo from East Africa, and here we see them clinging to their keeper's hand to have their photograph taken.



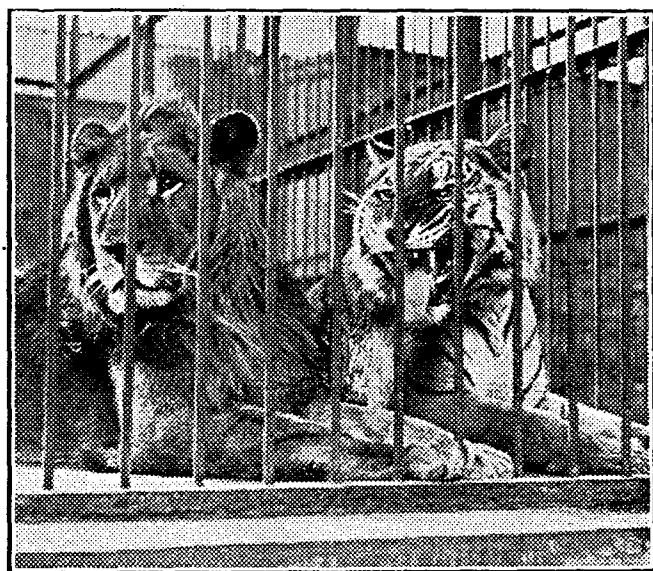
The Truant Buoy—During the great gale this six-ton light buoy was blown nine miles from its moorings in the River Mersey, and was only recovered with considerable difficulty.



The Farthest South Church—The most southerly church in the world is shown in this picture. It is at the whaling station on South Georgia, the mountainous island in the Antarctic where Sir Ernest Shackleton died.



Woman A.R.A.—Mrs. Laura Knight, the new Associate of the Royal Academy, is the fourth woman to receive this honour.



Lion and Tiger Share a Cage—Teddy the tiger and Jack the lion share a cage at the London Zoo, and here we see them gazing out at the visitors. The tiger is looking very fierce, but he and the lion are the best of friends.

WHERE DO WE WANT TO GO? SEE THE REMARKABLE ARTICLE IN MY MAGAZINE

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